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CONTENTS.

NOTES	PAGE	MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES:	PAGE	REVIEWS:	PAGE
129		The New Gallery. By D. S. M.	137	D'Annunzio in English. By Arthur Symonds	145
LEADING ARTICLES:		English Music Again. By J. F. R.	138	The War of the Worlds	146
On the Decline of Parliament?	132	Tappetit on Cæsar. By G. B. S.	139	Gainsborough	147
Indian Natives in Natal. By Sir Lepel Griffin, K.C.S.I.	133	MONEY MATTERS.	141	Game-birds of North America	147
The Cost and the Efficiency of our Army.—IV. By Spenser Wilkinson	134	New Issues.—Mount Lyell Proprietary; Electrical Cab Company; A Dutch Cooperage	142	Cheap-Jack Hero-worship	148
SPECIAL ARTICLES:		Advice to Investors	142	With the Conquering Turk	148
A Morning with Foot Harriers. By H. A. Bryden	135	CORRESPONDENCE:		New Letters of Napoleon	149
A Seventeenth Century Woman-hater. By Geoffrey Martin	136	Our Conquerors. By John Churton Smithson	143	Highways and Byways of Devon	150
		Progressive Systematised Insanity. By Medicus	143	Rome the Middle of the World	151
		English Lyric Poetry. By F. J. Carpenter	144	How to Teach History	152
				The Free Library Movement	152
				Fiction	153
				Literary Notes	154

NOTES.

THE difficulty in the Far East is solving itself exactly as we predicted. The gospel of the German Emperor has degenerated into the piping of peace in a sordid vineyard. War? Who ever meant war? Not the Emperor. We have the word of Herr von Bülow, his Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, that all that Germany wanted was to bestow upon the heathen Chinese the blessings which are latent in her articles of commerce. Kiao - Chiao shall be open to the trade ships of the world. That is not surprising. But for the hospitable services of British coaling-stations throughout its voyage at snail's pace, Prince Henry's squadron would never have reached China at all. It is there now, preparing the way for a roaring trade. That is good. It will please Birmingham not less than Berlin. When the Far East is out of praying-wheels or brass gods, Birmingham will leave her business cards at Kiao-Chiao without delay.

On a voyage so tedious, Prince Henry must have become a little tired of his Mailed Fist. It is really a pleasure to know that the irksome and repeated need for coal obliged him, as a guest, to take off the gauntlet now and then, in order to raise his glass to the health of British seamen. We trust these gentlemen kept their countenances. Meanwhile the other Emperor, the Tzar, is not happy. Germany having become pacific and commercial, it is not so easy as it was to continue his menaces with assurance. These stolid battleships of England are a sickening sight. Therefore, like many another well-born gentleman fallen upon evil times, his Imperial Majesty has gone into the City. He will be back soon. He is anxious to "do a deal" in the loan to China; but he has not the necessary resources at command. Russia habitually takes time to withdraw from a false position. When she has cancelled her protest against the opening of Ta-lien-wan as a treaty port, the attitude of Great Britain will have been vindicated in every particular. Yesterday morning the "Daily Chronicle" published an indication that the process of cancelling has begun. The Tzar made a speech to the officers of the Preobrazhenski Regiment. "I had wished for a long time past," he is reported to have said, "to accept your invitation; but affairs in the East lay heavy on my heart, especially difficulties with Japan. Now, I thank God, all is clearer. No conflict need be feared."

The "Times" in its series of papers on our Indian Frontier policy brushes aside the latest pretext of the Forward party, to wit, that we desire to hold the passes in order to ensure, if need be, the independence of Afghanistan. "The foundation of the forward case," we are told, is that there is only one way of defending India against a European invasion from the North; and

that the "opening up" of the tribal country is a necessary consequence of this thesis. It is roundly admitted that on the first threat of such an invasion we should occupy Kandahar, Kelât-i-Gilzai, Ghazni and Kabul. Nothing here about "engagements with Afghanistan." We are getting nearer the truth now; and the several screens behind which the authors and promoters of the forward policy have of late been working, are, one by one, being removed. We stand pretty well face to face now with the avowed project of the Forward school, of seizing half Afghanistan under pretence of securing the independence of the Amir Abdurrahman. Our engagements with the Amir seem, indeed, likely to lead us into permanent occupation of his country, in our zealous efforts to preserve it from Russia. It will thus follow in the wake of Kashmir. Those who are inclined to be satisfied with the assurance that we wish to occupy the passes solely from a pious wish to fulfil our engagements with the Amir, will please note that there is no military measure beyond the frontier which may not be justified under that convenient plea, and that the sooner we learn precisely what those engagements are, and what the Amir would desire of us, the better for all concerned.

Major Younghusband in his recent book on Indian Frontier warfare has told us that the invariable strategy to be pursued against Afghans or Pathans is a flank turning operation combined with a frontal attack. He has something to say on the danger and difficulty of this system; but there is no doubt that wherever employed it has been successful in our frontier wars. General Yeatman-Biggs, for reasons which unhappily he is not now among us fully to explain, confined himself in his attack on Dargai to a frontal attack only, and met with severe fighting. There can be no doubt that nothing but urgent necessity, of which we cannot now adequately judge, compelled General Yeatman-Biggs to abandon a system of attack which has become on the Indian frontier a rule of invariable observance. As Major Younghusband has pointed out, it is not without its dangers, even as employed against Pathans, owing to the difficulty of insuring the timely execution of the needful movements in a mountainous country, without adequate means of transport, in the absence of roads, and with great difficulty of communication between the combining columns. The one advantage of a direct attack is that at any rate it brings the enemy to book. If he stays to fight you can hit him hard. Sir William Lockhart admits that General Yeatman-Biggs achieved at least this result, and is almost the only General who, in the late operations, has fairly fought it out with his adversary.

Why do some of our minor politicians habitually adopt in public a canting and hypocritical tone,

which almost justifies the worst things said about us by foreign rivals? Mr. George Nathaniel Curzon would never venture, face to face with a colleague or opponent, to talk of our being in Egypt in "the higher interests of morality and civilisation." They would laugh at him, and use rude words. Why, then, does he think the "superior person" airs good enough for the Temperance Hall, Bolton? He should not imagine that a Lancashire audience is so easily imposed on. We are in Egypt because we have very direct and substantial interests there; if we had not, it would be our business to come out at once from a position of such responsibility and danger.

The main point of Mr. Curzon's speech was that the immediate scare at Berber and Ed Damer is over, and that consequently no more British troops are to be sent forward till the time comes for the advance that will decide "the ultimate destiny of the Upper Nile." That will be a serious advance, with a large British contingent and a fleet of gunboats, and it will no doubt very easily crush any opposition it is likely to meet. We wish we could share the placid optimism of Mr. Curzon about the affections of the Emperor of Abyssinia. He admits that there have been "gloomy anticipations," but "the Government knows nothing of them." Menelik has just exchanged the ratifications of a treaty with us and we are before long to send a direct representative to Addis Abeba, "and so" (a delightful piece of smug inconsequence this) "there is no cause for any anxiety or disquietude." If Mr. Curzon "knows nothing" of the mobilisation of the Abyssinian army and of the communications going on between Menelik and the Khalifa he should apply to Colonel Wingate for information.

It is to be hoped that when the Government places its proposals for Army Reform before the House of Commons it will not confine them to the changes foreshadowed in Lord Lansdowne's speech. The whole question has aroused so much attention that the proposals will be severely scrutinised both in and out of Parliament, and the Service members of the House of Commons, in their letter to the Secretary for War, have usefully specified those points to which criticism will be directed. No scheme of reform will be of much use unless it is accompanied by the complete reorganization of the War Office. The gentlemen who spend their time from ten till four in passing to each other and tying up with red tape documents of various kinds would make any military system a failure. It would be an expensive job, no doubt, to get rid of them entirely, but if the War Office is put into direct relation with the Admiralty, the officials in Whitehall would at least set them an example of the way in which they ought to do their work. Moreover, until a clear understanding is arrived at with regard to the respective parts to be played by the Army and Navy in case of war, it is impossible that a satisfactory reorganization of our military system can be effected. Another point upon which the Service members rightly lay much stress is the break-down of the linked battalion system, and the necessity of abandoning or materially modifying it. Lord Lansdowne's speech showed that the War Office still clings fondly to this exploded plan, but we trust that by the time Parliament meets it will have made up its circumlocutory mind to part with it altogether.

Lord Charles Beresford has been giving his opinions on naval policy to an interviewer, and has emphasised very strongly three points of which the optimists in this country too frequently lose sight: that one-fourth of our ironclads are in a most ineffective state owing to the wretched muzzle-loaders with which they are armed; that in battleships we are barely equal to Russia and France, whereas expert opinion demands for victory a numerical advantage; and that systematic teaching of tactics and strategy is wanted in the Navy. To these requisites let us add youth in our Admirals. It is a serious fact that with the rarest possible exceptions no one attains to flag-rank before the age of fifty or fifty-one, and the great majority of rear-admirals not before the age of fifty-two or fifty-four. Boldness of conception and independence of thought are killed by too long a service in subordinate ranks.

There is a singular lack of lucidity in the pronouncement of the National Union of Conservatives with regard to the forthcoming London County Council election. In national politics the Unionist party has shown itself remarkably capable of progressive legislation, but if the report which was presented at the Constitutional Club on Monday last represents accurately Unionist opinion on municipal affairs, it is clear that Mr. Chamberlain has not yet been able to exert his influence in this department, where his early experience makes him peculiarly capable, so fully as he has succeeded in doing in the wider field of national and Imperial politics. It is a great pity that some of the younger and more Progressive Conservatives have no voice in the settlement of the Moderate policy on the County Council. If they had we should not hear Lord Onslow and his friends in one breath recanting their former policy with regard to tramway purchase, and in the next declaring themselves opposed to practically all municipal undertakings.

Mr. Rhodes can scarcely complain that he is abandoned by his friends. To the glowing testimonial given him in the House of Commons by Mr. Chamberlain is now added a not less striking eulogy from Earl Grey, his fellow-director. Mr. Rhodes, said Earl Grey on Tuesday, "when the history of this generation comes to be written, will figure as one of the greatest of England's sons, and near the top in the list of those who have done much for their country." He had never met, he declared, a man who was superior to him in either magnanimity or real genuine patriotism. Now that the enormity of the mistake Mr. Rhodes committed has been realised and in some degree atoned for, his great qualities are quite rightly beginning to be recognised again. With his own hands he undid a great part of his own handiwork, but he has set himself with firm determination to retrieve the consequences of his mistake. The development of Rhodesia is proceeding apace, and though we cannot wholly subscribe to the terms in which Mr. Chamberlain and Earl Grey have expressed their admiration, we believe that in a few years the work Mr. Rhodes is now doing will meet with success, and will wipe out the memory of his error.

Act Glasgow, on Saturday, Lord Rosebery made a speech full of fresh and important suggestions. The occasion was the opening of a People's Palace and Winter Garden in the east end of the city. Lord Rosebery considered that the rise of such institutions, founded and supported by private and municipal benefactions most cheerfully bestowed, was a sign full of hope to the great communities. It indicated a new sensitiveness to the wants of the work-a-day masses. The effects of the awakening would not be merely local. The larger self-consciousness and sense of responsibility by which certain corporations were now moved would react upon the municipalities themselves. Parliament as a means through which to serve the people would become less and less attractive to the best men in the great towns. Those men would find better opportunities at home to satisfy their desire to be of public service in their generation.

The virtue of Mr. John Morley is becoming tedious. At Stirling, on Thursday night, he contrived to remind us of it again. It seems that when this statesman has a leisure hour, he devotes it to reading the speeches which Mr. Chamberlain made in the Three-Acres-and-a-Cow period. Thereby Mr. Morley is confirmed in his sense of what a noble thing consistency is. He may be right in one respect; but, for our own part, we find Mr. Chamberlain a much more attractive figure than his self-righteous censor. "The wordy trucklings of the transient hour" are none the worse for being on a fresh key now and then. Mr. Morley's way of serving them up is not less depressing than "The Dead March in Saul" played by a barrel-organ night and day perennially. For the speech itself: Mr. Morley stands by Home Rule; thinks that this is no time for discussing the Liquor Question; and is willing that the sugar-growing colonies should be ruined because Mr. Chamberlain's method of helping them would affront the Cobden Club.

Work at full speed will be resumed in the ship-building yards and in the engineering shops on Monday. A majority of the trades-unionists concerned have voted in favour of accepting the terms recommended by the Employers' Federation and the Joint Committee of the Allied Trades. On the Clyde and at Belfast the men "go in" under protest; but elsewhere the general desire is strongly in favour of peace. It is deplorable to notice that just as one great industrial trouble is in course of settlement there are mutterings of another. The men employed in the dockyard at Portsmouth held a meeting of indignation against the piecework system, and the Admiral-Superintendent promptly dismissed the four ringleaders. We trust that that incident will be allowed to end there. The piecework system is quite fair, not only as between masters and men, but also, and still more emphatically, as between workmen of different skill and various degrees of conscientiousness. The public would have no sympathy with a strike at Portsmouth.

Mr. Justice Grantham has favoured the grand jury at the Norwich Assizes this week with an exposition of the principles that ought, in his opinion, to regulate judicial conduct, obviously meant as a reply to the criticism brought down upon him by the Spriggs case. His defence makes matters very much worse for him; for it shows that his conduct in that case was no mere accident, but the expression of a settled and deliberate policy. When it is difficult to determine as to the truth of a defence, as for example, when it is only made known at the last moment, he said, "great care has to be taken lest, in the endeavour to do justice to the prisoner, for whom our law does all that it fairly can, an injustice is done to the prosecutor." The traditional English policy is to give the benefit of any doubt to the accused person. Justice Grantham reverses that, and where the truth is difficult to determine, puts forward the claim of the prosecutor to the benefit. This way of looking at conflicting evidence naturally gives him that bias towards conviction in difficult cases for which he is notorious, and explains the long record of injustice that he has accumulated in the course of an otherwise undistinguished judicial career.

His second point shows the same anti-prisoner bias. "It is contrary to the principles of our law," he says, "that a prisoner should be allowed to spring his defence upon the prosecution at the last moment," and insists that the practice of reserving the defence in cases sent for trial is bad. The prisoner's case should be declared at the preliminary hearing before the magistrates. It is painful to hear such scandalous rubbish from the bench. A prisoner is generally brought before the magistrates immediately after arrest. He has had no time to prepare and complete his defence. To compel him to state it there and then would mean either that a hurried and imperfect defence would be put forward, to the prejudice of his case at the trial afterwards, or that a series of remands, often in custody, would be necessary. And again, seeing that the police act upon the assumption that their work is to secure convictions, a premature disclosure of the defence would set them on the hunt for every prejudicial trifle that might discredit it. If such a hunt were conducted with an impartial eye to the facts of the case, there would be less to be said against it; but everybody knows that it would be conducted with a bias in favour of conviction and a blind eye for points in the prisoner's favour. Besides this, prisoners sent for trial are generally poor men. They cannot afford the expense of subjecting their opponent's case to a scrutiny for defects similar to that which the police, with the machinery at their disposal, could give to a revealed defence. The advantage of such an arrangement would be wholly upon the prosecuting side. An accused man has quite enough to do as it is against the terrible convicting bias of our criminal procedure; under the Granthamite regulation his last chance of securing fair play would in many cases utterly vanish.

Meanwhile, we again ask Mr. Justice Grantham what compensation he proposes to pay to the man whom he

unjustly convicted, and who has just been liberated by the Home Office?

Recrimination is still the order of the day in Athens. The Crown Prince of Greece has presented the first part of his report on the war to the Military Commission, and oddly enough it is in many respects identical with the statements he made to our correspondent, and afterwards so strenuously repudiated. The only difference is that instead of attacking General Smolenski, who is now the Minister for War, and therefore too important a person to be even a Prince's scapegoat, he attacks General Makri, whom he accuses, as he formerly accused Smolenski, of flat insubordination. The report consists of a long series of excuses. Every one and everything was to blame except the Crown Prince of Greece. It is quite true that the whole business was bungled by the Greeks, but this foolish princeling was as big a bungler as the rest, and his attempts to put all responsibility on the shoulders of others is only what we should expect from the youthful braggart who tampered with telegrams, in order to make the world believe in his own bravery.

It would seem as if the decay of Parliamentary Government had set in. Nearly five years ago England was startled by the news that a free fight had taken place on the floor of the House of Commons between a number of Conservatives and Irish Nationalists. Fortunately, however, this disgraceful scene has so far remained unique in England, but it seems to have set a bad example to other Parliaments, of which our own Parliament boasts to be the mother. During the last session of the Austrian assembly a far more disgraceful exhibition occurred, the German party being the provoking element, and this has now in its turn been surpassed by the unparalleled scene of violence in the French Chamber on Saturday last. Whilst M. Jaurès was attacking the Government for its conduct over the Dreyfus case, he was violently assaulted by M. de Bernis, a member of the Right, and a general mêlée between Socialists and Conservatives ensued. This resort to fisticuffs for the settlement of political questions looks like a throw-back to a primitive method, and we fear that as time goes on it will become more and more common. Parliamentary Government has been useful in the past, but we confess that we should like to see some improvement upon it.

Kaiser Wilhelm is getting on. Poor Herr Trojan, one of the most genial and loyal souls in all Berlin, has been sent to prison for two months because the Germans laughed consumedly at the "Kladderadatsch" cartoon representing Leonidas, Alexander and "der alte Fritz" discussing the foolish utterance that "only a good Christian can be a good soldier." The citizens of the "Kulturstaat" must be proud of themselves and of the "new course." They dare not talk politics in the "Wirtshaus" for fear of the ubiquitous spy and the inevitable condemnation for "lèse-majesté"; and now they may not even laugh. Bismarck filled albums with the "Kladderadatsch" cartoons directed against himself, and enjoyed them hugely; "Old Fritz," when in his walks he discovered a crowd straining their necks to read a scurrilous placard against himself, directed his orderly to take it down and post it lower, so that the people could read it at their ease. "They say what they like, and I do what I like," said the old hero. What would he have thought of his descendant whose sayings and doings are alike the cause of strictly private laughter in Germany, and of public laughter in every other part of Europe?

Fortunately the Emperor has not yet taken to going down to the Reichstag to fire off his speeches, so it fell to Herr von Bülow (who as Foreign Secretary continues to make an excellent impression at home and abroad) to explain the German attitude in Chinese waters. Instead of a flow of turgid balderdash we had therefore a clear and statesmanlike explanation of the need for a convenient port. It does not at all convince us that Germany would not have done much better to leave the whole business alone, instead of playing decoy and cat's-paw for Russia; but still it was a reasonable and possible defence. Above all it was interesting in that by

implication it seemed for the moment at least to range Germany with England, in the policy of keeping all China free and open to commerce, instead of helping Russia in the separate compartment scheme.

On the Dreyfus fiasco the German Foreign Secretary's remarks were direct and conclusive. There "never have been relations or connexion of any kind whatsoever between Dreyfus and any German representative or agent." So the whole collection of wastepaper baskets and blotting pads and overcoat pockets has been upset. There remains the wonderful tale about documents sold to Russia; but there a motive seems lacking. Why should Russia, which by no possible conjunction of circumstances could ever have to anticipate a sudden collision with France on land, pay for the details of the French mobilisation? The idea is preposterous. It is a remunerative industry in Ireland in troublous times for imaginative "informers" to sell to the police details of horrible conspiracies that never existed. Dublin Castle is largely composed of such documents carefully noted by stolid Chief Secretaries and Viceroy's. Perhaps the same industry flourishes in France.

A letter to Cardinal Vaughan from Dr. Hanlon, "the Vicar Apostolic of the Upper Nile," gives further details as to the Uganda muddle. His letter deserves notice as it shows that the Roman Catholic missionaries have not yet forgiven that "great mistake," as Hanlon calls it, by which Lugard held Uganda for England. As the Soudanese troops suppressed the Catholic Revolt, it is only natural that the Catholic missionaries should seize this opportunity of denouncing the Soudanese. Dr. Hanlon's letter moreover contains serious mis-statements respecting the facts as to the outbreak of the present mutiny.

We thought that a century of suffering had taught the British press the worst of the possibilities of persecution latent in our absurd law of libel. But there was a case before Mr. Justice Hawkins and a special jury on Tuesday that proves that the half was not told us. That you may be haled before the Judges for telling the truth about a man we knew. Supposing that you may be fortunate enough to be able to prove that you told the truth, and to impress the fact on the jury, you get off in the end after spending a few hundred pounds in costs. After that experience you naturally try to say nothing at all about litigious people. But that will not save you, for the "Birmingham Post" was brought up to the Queen's Bench in London on the charge of an indignant solicitor, who said his name was "systematically left out" of the paper! There was a "conspiracy," and he wanted damages. The case, of course, was scouted out of court, but we should be curious to know what this particular piece of legal ingenuity has cost the "Birmingham Post?"

The Earl of Hardwicke is to move the address in the House of Lords—a well-deserved compliment to one of the most intelligent and hard working of the rising young men of public life. Those who know Lord Hardwicke will not be surprised at Lord Salisbury hastily passing over in his favour all other claimants for the honour. It would be interesting if this young man were to restore to its ancient position in the public esteem a distinguished name, of late rather under a cloud.

Young peers have singular opportunities in public life, if they only knew how to use them. They are sure of a hearing—nothing is more snobbish than democracy—they can choose their own time for speaking. They have never "got to speak," whether they have anything to say or not, they escape the ruinous process of electioneering, a process which induces facility and fluency at the cost of thought, point and accuracy. Some men, of course, survive the process, but far the larger number vindicate the truth of Augustin Filon's summing up of English politicians as speakers: "Ils parlent facilement et mal." Circumstances assist the peer to success, where only exceptional qualities of brain and will enable the commoner to emerge from the common "ruck."

THE DECLINE OF PARLIAMENT?

LORD ROSEBERY'S speech at Glasgow, which we record in the chronicle of the week, is one of many indications that Parliament is declining in the popular regard. What cynical Tories were wont to say in private jest, Lord Rosebery speaks in open earnest. To have a seat in the House of Commons is no longer a dignified distinction. If he have not talent strong enough to carry him with a rush to one or other of the Front Benches, the man who holds a place in Parliament is of mere mechanical utility. "The life of a member," said Lord Rosebery, "tended every day to lose its individuality. Vast and unlimited as the talk in which our senators were privileged to indulge seemed to the outsider, it was by comparatively few members." The ordinary member "must be content to walk through endless lobbies at the dictation of individual whips, and not to express any opinion which might collide in the slightest degree with the authorised organs of his party. However much he might wish to express arguments which led him to support that party, he must, as a rule, possess his soul in silence. What attraction there was for a man to leave his home in the country, and spend the most glorious months of the year in that inglorious capacity of a voting machine, might pass some of their comprehensions." Men in the provinces competent to share in public life have what Lord Rosebery considers a better opportunity at home. They could, if they wished, take seats at the Town Councils. There they would be something more than dumb units of humanity driven hither and thither by party whips. They could hear their own voices when they listed; they could share in activities for the good of the community; by the end of the year there would be "few active men in corporations who could not see with their eyes and touch with their hands some practical work achieved, to which many members of Parliament would look with envy."

As Lord Rosebery is likely to be leader of the Liberals when they have reformed their party into a state of grace, it is well that we should give heed to these striking suggestions of what is in his mind. They were made, of course, as not a few of his most sincere utterances have been, in a mood of playful exaggeration. It is absurd to depreciate Parliament on the assumption that men seek entrance there in order to show off their gifts of oratory. It is still more absurd to cry down the climate of London in spring and summer as compared with that of the provincial towns. Willingly should we endure even autumn in London if the alternative were a fortnight in Glasgow, or in Sheffield, or in Birmingham, at the high noon of the most gracious July. Lord Rosebery forgets, too, that, while a first-class provincial town can find scope and verge enough in its own service for forty or fifty men anxious to serve the people, the Imperial Parliament contents itself with four or five such men. There is not, that is to say, a single municipality in the kingdom which suffers because a few of its citizens obey the summons of the Sovereign to sit in the House of Commons. Nevertheless, Lord Rosebery is right in the main. The new spirit which is animating municipal corporations all over the country is one that ought to be encouraged. It is only a few years since the average Town Council was composed of men mediocre in position and in intelligence. The desire to work in a business-like manner was so much subordinate to the joy of petty wrangling, and of making "scenes" the heroes in which became notorious in the local newspapers, that the best men in the community shunned the Council. Of late years, however, there has been a gradual change for the better. Certain of the larger towns, notably Birmingham and Glasgow, have, under capable councillors taking municipal work in earnest, progressed so much in many ways that even in small towns it has become generally realised that municipal government is a science not beneath the attention of the best citizens. The history of the London County Council, although it is not free from incidents to be deplored, has confirmed this awakening. Men of Cabinet rank, along with other men who are likely to become equally eminent, have not allowed themselves to think that because Parliament is a body

more important still the municipal board is unworthy of their presence and their help. They have taken their share in its deliberations, and in the hard work of its Committees, not less zealously than the humbler men who, thinking that the establishment of the County Council would afford opportunity for demagogic frivolity, entered, and quickly perceived their error.

All this is to the good. Incidental results of a similar kind are to be noted over England and Scotland. Far from shunning the Town Councils, the best men everywhere, including men who have seats in the House of Lords, are seeking positions of influence in the municipalities, and the electors meet their wish. It is not necessary that we should belittle the Imperial Parliament in order to strengthen the municipalities in the new sense of their own importance. The Corporations, in their increasing dignity, would not be less important than they are if Parliament had at the same time been growing in efficiency and in the popular esteem. Lord Rosebery erred through not perceiving this. On the other hand, that statesman has the prophetic instinct, and we dare say that in seeking to stimulate the new perception that Local Government is a highly honourable interest he was speaking with a view to the ultimate good of the Imperial Parliament itself. If Parliament is in some respects inefficient and out of favour, that is because it has too much to do. England and Scotland know little about each other's local needs in the way of railways and other matters; and Ireland, having many needs of her own, is quite indifferent to both. Consequently, dispatching the business of those affairs at a very slow pace indeed, Parliament is regarded by all three constituents of the United Kingdom as out of date for the purposes of legislation in matters of much concern. Undoubtedly it is. Subjects of legislation have multiplied at a rate much greater than that at which the competence of Parliament to overtake them has increased. In as far as Parliament can delegate its domestic duties, it will become able to cope with its Imperial obligations. By-and-bye, perhaps ere very long, the provincial Corporations, at least the greater of them, may become sufficiently skilled in political economy, and in the law of equity, to be entrusted with the dispatch of certain affairs which now arrest progress in the House of Commons. That will be to the advantage of the provinces and of Parliament, both.

INDIAN NATIVES IN NATAL.

THE last of the British Colonies to receive responsible self-government was Natal, which in 1893 was endowed with two Houses of Legislature and the usual paraphernalia of constitutional government, although at the time the adult white population numbered no more than 15,000. The concession then made with some hesitation by the Crown, has generally been justified by the orderly working of the new legislative machine; but one question of paramount importance in the development of the Colony has already given rise to considerable discussion and ill-feeling, and will, in the near future, cause serious embarrassment unless handled in a liberal and statesmanlike manner. This is the treatment of immigrants from British India, who have lately been the subjects of legislation so opposed to the ordinary traditions of English public life that the matter demands examination in England. To us, after careful consideration of the whole question, the Colonists' action appears both impolitic and very unjust.

The country of Natal, which now includes Zululand and Tongaland, is of all the South African Colonies that most favoured by nature, in scenery, rainfall, and fertility of the soil. Its capital, Durban, is a handsome and well-ordered town of some 30,000 inhabitants, of whom about half are Europeans. The black indigenous Kaffir population of Natal is roughly estimated at 450,000, nine times that of the whites, who now number about 50,000. The Kaffirs are still "savages," though of late years, under missionary teaching and association with Europeans, they have made some advance in civilisation; but they are impulsive, restless and lazy, learning with great difficulty industrial arts and disinclined to regular labour as agriculturists. The occupation that suits them best is the rough, highly paid work at the gold

and diamond mines, where they can quickly earn enough to buy the wives and cattle which constitute a Kaffir Paradise. They are and will probably remain of little use for the industrial and agricultural development of the Colony. Hence it is necessary to procure labour from without, and an inexhaustible source of excellent material has been found in India, and from there it has been the custom to bring coolies under indenture, with whose assistance the well-watered, low coastlands have been turned into sugar plantations and the slopes behind Durban into fruit and vegetable gardens, so richly productive that they can profitably export to Europe. Excellent cotton can also be grown, and the cultivation of tea has been begun on the highlands. The Indian coolie has thus become indispensable to the prosperity of Natal, for the old tradition of negro slavery, under which South Africa was originally occupied by both Dutch and English, has left behind it the unfortunate consequence that manual labour, even in a temperate climate, is considered by white men to be degrading, as was the case in the Southern States of America before the Civil War.

Here the difficulty arises. The Colonists are anxious to obtain a large and increasing supply of indentured labour, but require the coolie to return to India after his engagement or to renew it on similar terms, in default of which an onerous and indeed crushing poll-tax of £3 annually is imposed upon him. But it is against the free and unindentured Indian immigrant that the hostility of the Colonist is most bitter. Large numbers of this class, far more respectable, educated, and well-to-do than the indentured coolie, have settled in Natal, and these industrious and sober immigrants have captured the petty hawk and pedlar trade with the native population. They are able to work at a far lower margin of profit than the whites, and there can be little doubt that, were immigration unimpeded, many of the artisan class would come from India and obtain a large share of the work that is now extravagantly executed by white artisans who will not work without native assistance. The old question of Chinese emigration which has so agitated Australia and the United States has thus, in a different form and in connexion with an infinitely higher race, become urgent in Natal. But the Indian, like the Englishman, is of Aryan race; he is also a subject of the Queen, and in personal character is cleanly, sober, orderly, and industrious. Trade jealousy may object to his presence; but, if we consider the vast preponderance of the Kaffir population, now rapidly increasing with the cessation of war and the suppression of the murderous witch-seekers, and pay regard to the agricultural development of the country, it is difficult to imagine a more beneficial circumstance for Natal than a large Indian immigration of loyal and capable workers, which would counterbalance and minimise the greatest danger which the South African Colonies have to face in the immense and increasing preponderance of a restless and savage indigenous population.

The grievances of Indian emigrants divide themselves naturally into three classes, political, social, and industrial. The political grievance consists in the refusal of the franchise which was enjoyed by Indians, under certain limitations, when the Colony first received self-government. Very soon a party grew up which urged so successfully the objection to granting the franchise in a British Colony to any persons not of European race, whether Indian or Kaffir, who might, on critical occasions, swamp the white vote, that a law was hastily passed in 1894, altogether excluding them from the suffrage. The Colonial Office, however, insisted on a modification of this Act, and in 1897 an amended law was passed under which the Governor in Council may confer the right of franchise on such Indians as he thinks fit. It is obvious that this special privilege will only be granted to a few of the well-to-do trading or official Indian community. English public opinion would not support the Colonial Office in insisting on larger political privileges than are thus accorded. Every self-governing British Colony must decide for itself the conditions under which the franchise shall be granted to its native population, and it is certain that where the white population is enormously outnumbered by men of colour it will refuse to admit to the franchise a population which has no

political experience—a people for the most part uneducated, easily led, and likely to be a source of grave danger at the ballot-boxes.

The only real grievances that seem to call for protest on the part of fair-minded Englishmen are those which are directly concerned with the industrial disabilities imposed upon the Indians. A series of four Acts was passed in 1897, which is admittedly intended to prevent unindentured Indians from obtaining temporary or permanent settlement in the Colony. The first is a quarantine law of exceptional severity obviously directed not against contagious disease but against immigration. The second Act, "to place restrictions on immigrants," practically prohibits Indian immigration by compelling the application for admission to be written and signed in one of the languages of Europe. Without such authorisation an immigrant can receive a licence to carry on any trade or calling only by incurring exceedingly heavy penalties, which are further imposed on any master or owner of a ship who may bring prohibited immigrants to the Colony. The third Act, "to amend the law relating to licences to wholesale or retail dealers," places the right of granting or refusing licences to trade in the hands of an officer appointed by the Town Councils or Boards representing the very classes most opposed to Indian competition. Nor is permission allowed to appeal against his decision in any court of law. It further provides that no licence shall be issued to any person who does not keep his books of account in the English language. This provision shuts the door on all the large Indian traders and merchants who are unacquainted with English while it is equally fatal to the smaller pedlars and hawkers who are unaccustomed to use any account-books at all. The fourth Act "deals with the question of passes," a cause of infinite trouble and annoyance, and subjects any Indian found without a pass in his possession to arrest and imprisonment without any right of appeal or compensation for wrongful arrest and detention.

These are but a few of the un-English and ungenerous political measures with which the Colony of Natal has, unwisely for its own interests, inaugurated its self-governing career. In no other British Colony have measures so drastic and inequitable been seriously proposed by the legislature, and it is not surprising that in India, without whose assistance the Colony of Natal would fall into the same state of stagnation which preceded the introduction of indentured Indian coolies, there is a strong feeling of indignation at the illiberality and ingratitude of the treatment meted out to the higher and more respectable class of Indian settlers.

LEPEL GRIFFIN.

THE COST AND THE EFFICIENCY OF OUR ARMY.—IV.

AN army consists of a number of fighting machines called divisions, each composed of a number of bodies of infantry, artillery and cavalry, and each manipulated by a special artist, a tactician, well practised in handling the military unit so made up. A certain number of these units, which may or may not be grouped into army corps, make an army, and another special artist is needed to operate with the set and to make the team of divisions work together. Scratch team-guiders and scratch division-handlers have no chance against practised experts. They would be in the position of the man who, never having seen a bicycle, was yet put to race against a record-breaker. Of course, you cannot put together your bicycle, the division, unless you have the parts, the battalions, batteries and squadrons, but when you have the machines they will be of no use without riders, and riders need a little time to practise before they are fit to race. The British army is like a miscellaneous collection of parts of bicycles, or rather, of fragments of parts. There are infantry battalions, cavalry regiments, and batteries of artillery which may be compared to the rims of wheels. There are reservists, the spokes, which when fitted into the rims will complete the wheels. But though there are the materials for some forty divisions the framework of only five or six exists, the divisions which are stationed at Aldershot and at the Curragh. There four or five

divisions are put together every year, each time of different sets of parts, and four or five generals have a little exercise with the machine. Thus very few generals at a time have the chance of practising their trade, and the others have to fill up their time with inspecting parts or corresponding with the War Office and the Treasury. Suppose there were a serious call for the army for actual use. There would be a hurried struggle to put together frames, to fit into them the parts, and to supply numerous missing parts. Then the machines thus patched together would have to be entrusted to riders—divisional generals—the majority of whom would have had no practice. There would of necessity be many accidents, and there could hardly by any possibility be a chance of success in the serious competition of war. If the War Office were what its name implies, a department for preparing for war, the army and the army estimates would present quite a different appearance. There would be forty divisions, each with its general and staff, its battalions and batteries each made up of so many regulars, so many reservists, so many militia-men, and so many volunteers. Each general would be responsible for having in good order all the parts of his machine, and would have to put it together and practise upon it for a week or a fortnight every year. Nothing of the sort is done, and the War Office that charges every year for the men of forty divisions is very proud to show on paper that on an emergency and with a fortnight's notice it could turn out nine. That this is a true account every officer knows, and any civilian can satisfy himself that the War Office utterly neglects its proper duty, preparation for a great war, by reading any speech of any Secretary of State during the last ten years. Never by any chance has any Secretary of State discussed war or the means of carrying it on. The beginning of improvement is to find out why this is the case. The explanation is simply that the War Office is engaged in a totally different business. The one function to which it is devoted is the export of soldiers to India and the Colonies. Twenty-one thousand men are sent off every year to places across the sea. But the men thus partly turned into soldiers are not allowed to remain in their trade. After five years they must come home and learn a new trade by which to live; the War Office will have no more to do with them except as reservists. Why not? There is no reason; it is a mere whim of the department's. The War Office knows that the better the man, and the better he has learnt his trade, the better he should be paid and the longer he should be kept. This is the principle upon which it treats the officers, who are presumably the pick of the army. They are not tied for terms of years, but treated as rational beings. But the private soldier is still regarded as a sort of convict, doomed to so many years of penal servitude, so many and no more. The Indian army, therefore, loses the men just when it would like to induce them to stay. They are sent home into the reserve, and the War Office piteously implores the other departments and the public at large to find them something to do. The consequence of this mania for draining the army of its men to supply India and the Colonial stations is a perpetual shifting of every part of the army, so that is impracticable to weld together into one machine any part of the regular army and corresponding or complementary parts of the militia and volunteer forces. These auxiliary forces ought to be the reserve to fill out to war strength the home army. But the home army ignores them and makes its own reserve, into which it passes about 12,000 men a year. Thus a total of about 33,000 men a year is taken from the home army of 100,000, which becomes a training school supplying to the forces abroad twice the numbers that it supplies to the reserve. This is too much for any army, especially as all parts of the school are in a perpetual state of removal, and as the advanced lessons are given only at Aldershot and the Curragh.

Suppose the removals were stopped, and every part of the home army given a permanent abode. It would then be practicable to weld regulars, militia, and volunteers into units, fighting organisms, or divisions; to give each its own general responsible for the complete organism, and to let him exercise it as a whole

once a year. He would be able to put it together ready for war—to mobilise it—in a few days. The turn-out of men for India and Colonial stations should be stopped altogether, and the regular army at home made into a mere school of war duties for would-be soldiers. Foreign experience proves that three years is ample time for training a private, at least in the infantry. Suppose then that the War Office were instructed to forget India and the Colonies, and to be content with making an army at home on the short-service or three-years' system, welding into its organization the militia and volunteers. The home army at its present strength would turn out 33,000 trained men a year, and would very soon double the quality, not the quantity, of the militia and volunteers. There would be an enormous saving in money, for the battalions of auxiliaries would move their headquarters to those of the line, and the command of these battalions would be given to picked line officers, the unpaid officers being glad to serve under thoroughly competent superiors. What about India and the Colonial garrisons? India would enlist on its own terms just as many young reservists as it required, and as India, set free from Pall Mall, would keep its men longer, and treat them better, the number required would be smaller than it is at present. India, which at present pays for all its men from the day they step off English soil to the day they step back on to it, would save by the arrangement. The Colonial garrisons, which are mostly naval bases, would be handed over to the Admiralty and manned by marines, while Malta, Gibraltar, and Egypt would be treated in the same way as India. The security of the Empire would be vastly increased, for in case of war with a great Power, and only some great Power can seriously attack any part of the Empire, the nation would call out its forty divisions, and the danger would be not for England, but for her enemies. SPENSER WILKINSON.

A MORNING WITH FOOT HARRIERS.

THE chase of the hare in these islands shows no diminution of interest in the sport. Rather, it would seem, amid the cares and troubles that now vex and encompass fox-hunting, as if harriers and beagles were at the present time looked upon with more favour than for some generations past. It is certain that there are now more packs of hounds devoted to the pursuit of the hare than have been known during the present century. In Great Britain and Ireland, during this present hunting season, no less than 202 packs of hounds—harriers, beagles, and a few bassets—are to be found pursuing that most interesting form of chase in which Xenophon and many another distinguished sportsman of old time took such keen delight.

In these days, when many harrier packs consist of dwarf foxhounds, bred for speed more than for nose, it is a pleasure to come across the more ancient type of hound, and especially of harehound, distinguished by its melody of voice, its old-fashioned appearance, and the astonishing perseverance with which it sticks to and unravels the line of one of the most difficult and resourceful creatures of chase. I happen to be acquainted with a pack of the old Southern hound blood, and it is a real pleasure to watch these fine black-and-tans in pursuit of their quarry, to hear the wonderful music of their deep voices, and to see them puzzle out, wear down, and run into the fleet and twisting hare.

In watching the hunting of such a pack, one is carried back irresistibly to the days of the last century, when our more leisurely ancestors, who loved a long hunt with plenty of hound music, steadily pursued fox or hare in a long morning's run, and preferred a slowish and prolonged chase to the shorter and sharper gallops which have since their day become fashionable. There is, one is glad to note, a tendency in hare-hunting at the present day to revert to pure harrier blood, and to discard the foxhound for this form of chase. Too often the foxhound, with his strength, pace, and vigour, is more than a match for the hare, and gallops his quarry to death too quickly for real hunting. In such cases the hare has scarcely a fair chance for her life. Somerville, the author of "The Chase," that matchless hunting discourse

in blank verse, has noted the fault and recorded his opinion of it. He gives his advice thus,—

"A different hound for ev'ry different chase
Select with judgment; nor the tim'rous hare
O'er-match'd destroy, but leave that vile offence
To the mean murd'rous crowning crew, intent
On blood and spoil. O blast their hopes, just Heav'n."

Somerville is desperately hard on the coursers, and evidently looks upon them as mere outcasts of the sporting world. His rage seems to be quite genuine.

In a quiet corner of Sussex I have chanced latterly a good many times upon an ancient pack of foot harriers, whose appearance and mode of hunting remind me much of the hare-hunting of our ancestors. The pack boasts some very ancient blood, and the old-fashioned blue-mottled strain, now grown very scarce in England, is conspicuously present. The huntsman—kennel huntsman one should rather call him—is a fine old white-haired veteran of more than seventy winters, who has had to do with foot harriers and hare-hunting for sixty years. He is a tall, hale, hearty old fellow, still keen as mustard in pursuit of his beloved calling. I suppose the old man knows more about the ways, haunts and stratagems of Sussex hares, and especially of the marsh and down hares, than any three men of the present generation. It is true the old fellow cannot now run with hounds as of yore; yet his frame is strong, his thews are sturdy, and with his knowledge of this form of chase he is seldom far away when hounds kill their hare. He has a fine cheery voice, and it is a pleasure to hear his stalwart "Hark hi" when hounds are ranging for a hare, and a melodious whimper or two tells that one of his beloved blue-pied bitches has found a drag. When hounds have settled to their hare and really run, the old huntsman is of course left temporarily far behind. The young whip then has to clap forward and do his best at a check; or one of the few followers, who understands hounds, gives the pack a word of encouragement and upon occasion helps them with a cast or takes them forward to a halloo. But distant halloos are, rightly enough, not much favoured with this pack. The consequence is that the harriers are in a severe run left mainly to their own devices, intelligence, and hunting powers. That hounds, if left alone, can usually hunt very well by themselves, is an old and perfectly true saying. It certainly holds good in the present instance, and this old-fashioned pack has already during the present season killed nearly forty hares by fair and honest work, in this somewhat go-as-you-please style of hunting.

In eight instances out of ten the hare, when pursued by hounds, will run in a more or less wide ring and return close to the spot upon which she was found. Thus the old huntsman is usually enabled to witness—at a distance it is true—most of the sport, to hurry at the critical period towards the line of the sinking hare, and to be somewhere handy when the fateful moment has arrived, the harriers have run into and killed their quarry, and the final rites have to be performed.

I met these harriers one fine morning recently at a quiet village, lying just above the marshes. It was a typical bit of rural English scenery. The ancient church, the less ancient vicarage, picturesque cottages, a pleasant old red-brick Georgian house, farm-buildings, the village inn, tall elm-trees, now leafless, a soft air from the west, these were accessories hardly to be bettered. The mild gleam of a pleasant winter sun shone over all. In front of the village inn was gathered the hunting party. This consisted of the pack of sturdy harriers; the old snowy-haired huntsman and his young whip, in green coats and velvet caps; the master, a keen and capable sportsman, in unassuming tweeds and gaiters, and about a dozen or fifteen other sportsmen—farmers, two or three gentry, a couple of ladies, and others. Five or ten minutes of cheerful waiting and then we quit the village and take to the fields. Hitherto the little pack has trotted obediently with the old huntsman; now at a cheery word they spread out and betake themselves in ecstasy to the business of the day. We draw through two or three pastures and a piece of ploughing, and then there is a halloo back on the left flank. A hare has sprung from her form, and is now, with one ear cocked, the other laid back, climbing the gentle rise in front of her with all the speed that she

can command. The pack are quickly laid on, and then a glorious crash of voices tells with what rapture the fourteen couple of hounds are streaming upon the line of their chase, madly vying with one another for the conquest of that timid bit of fur now scurrying away in front of them, down the thither slope of the hill they are about breasting. With this pack of harriers, albeit we are all on foot, we are not all runners. The master, the huntsman, and some half of the spectators turn their heads south and take a line of their own, knowing well that from the summit of yonder low hill they will see most of the fun. Seven or eight of us elect to follow hounds and trot steadily in the rear. We reach the hill-top; hounds are tearing away full cry upon a raving scent into the valley beneath; you may just see the hare far ahead entering upon the marshes. Now, suddenly, she is lost to view. Away in front of us, gleaming tenderly beneath the gentle sunlight, lies four miles away the blue-grey sea, just now calm and smooth as a mirror. A brown-sailed fishing-smack or two, a heavy schooner well-nigh becalmed, and some steam tramps hurrying like water-beetles along the distant skyline, catch for a moment our attention, and then our eyes are directed steadily to the hunt before us. We reach the broad marshes, here stretching away for miles, and sometimes jumping, sometimes crossing by a friendly plank, we overcome the formidable dykes that cut the vast water-meadows at right angles. Often there is no kindly plank, and you must jump, and jump stoutly, or go back. And, in truth, these Sussex marsh-dykes need leaping powder; they carry plenty of water, and their bottoms are deep with black and holding mud. In some portions of the marsh, but not all, a longish pole sticking up from the side of the dyke indicates a plank—a truly welcome signal towards the end of a long and sobbing chase. We plod steadily on; the hare—a jack evidently—is holding a perfectly straight line for the sea; hounds carry a good head and need no aid at present. Now we near the pale shingle of the sea-shore. Less than half a mile from the sea itself hounds check, and we are enabled to get up to them. Here, after three good miles of straight running, the hare has turned, and, first executing certain devious and shifty manœuvres, over shingle, tussocky grass and dyke banks, has held right-handed. Unaided the eager pack recover the line; Captain, yon pale-coloured, knowing old hound, lifts up his voice, Sally and Pepper, two first-rate blue-mottled harriers, fly to him; the line is right; once more the whole pack drives onward with a stirring crash of exultant voices. Again more jumping. Bearing round, the hare makes for the hill again, almost upon the old line. Over the hill raves the pack; we sink into the further valley, and then more marsh. An hour and twenty minutes have passed, and still hounds are running strong; the little field has tailed; even the leaders are now reduced alternately to a trot and a walk. But a check and a welcome turn or two enable us to keep still within hail. The end approaches. Vainly the stout hare has striven to baffle the pursuit. Straight-away running has failed, twists and circles are unavailing. Nearer and nearer the harriers close upon their game. Upon a broad grass-field they presently run madly from scent to view, and, crashing through the hedge, roll over their hare upon the adjacent plough just an hour and thirty-five minutes from the find. A first-rate hunt in the old-fashioned manner. H. A. BRYDEN.

A SEVENTEENTH CENTURY WOMAN-HATER.

AT one time or other in their lives most men have had occasion to inveigh against womankind. Even Sir Philip Sidney, the soul of chivalry, could not refrain from Englishing the epigram of Catullus, which says that the vows spoken by a woman to her eager lover should be written in wind or running water. Long popular, in spite of a glaring false quantity, was the mediæval couplet,—
Quid pluma levius? Pulvis. Quid pulvere? Ventus.
Quid vento? Mulier. Quid muliere? Nihil.

Walter Davison (in his brother's "Poetical Rhapsody") turned it neatly:—

"Dust is lighter than a feather,
 And the wind more light than either;
 But a woman's fickle mind
 More than feather, dust or wind."

In the early days of printing, few books enjoyed greater vogue than the "*Quinze Joyes du Mariage*," a humorous description of the hardships which married men endure at the hands of their wives; and when Thomas Dekker addressed himself to the same theme in the "*Batchelar's Banquet*," 1603, his bright and merry diatribe found a ready audience, and ran through edition after edition. But, though women are a standing dish for good-natured satire, professed, down-right woman-haters—such, for instance, as Xenopeithes the philosopher, who for years together, at all times and in all places, railed and scoffed at the sex (yet recanted at last),—have happily in every age been rare.

In 1615 a writer bearing the inelegant name of Joseph Swetnam infuriated sage and modest ladies by publishing what he was pleased to call "*The Araignment of Lewd, Idle, Froward and Vnconstant Women: Or the Vanitie of them, choose you whether*." Little is known of Swetnam beyond the fact that he kept a Fencing School at Bristol, and published, in 1617, a treatise (of the highest rarity) on the Science of Defence and the Ordering of Quarrels. According to his own account, he had knocked about the world, and in the course of his travels had found reason to view women with suspicion. "Indeed, I must confesse," he remarks, "I haue been a traueller this thirty and odde yeeres, and many trauellers live in disdaine of women; the reason is for that their affections are so poysoned with the haynous euils of vnconstant women, which they happen to bee acquainted with in their trauels." He hints that his onslaught had been occasioned by the slights and injuries he had received from more than one woman. It must be allowed that he is at times outspoken to the point of rudeness. On widows he is particularly severe. 'Tis impossible (he urges), try how you will, to please a well-to-do widow; for "If thou shew thyselfe sparing, shee will say that thou shalt not pinch her of that which is her owne; and if thou doe anything contrary to her minde, she will say her other husband was more kinde; if thou chance to dine from home, she will bid thee go sup with thy harlots abroad; if thou go abroad and spend any thing before thou comest home, she will say, A beggar I found thee, and a beggar thou meanest to leave mee: if thou stay alwaies at home, she will say thou art happy that hast gotten a wife that is able to maintaine thee idle: if thou carve her the best morsell on the table, though she take it, yet she will take it scornfully and say she had a husband that would let her cut where she liked herself." But though his animadversions are sometimes caustic, he is alarmed lest he should be taken too seriously. "I wrote this book," he says frankly at one point, "with my hand, but not with my heart." It was largely a *jeu d'esprit*, though the pleasantry is not always too obvious.

The "*Araignment*" cannot for a moment compare with Dekker's pamphlet, but it was frequently reprinted throughout the seventeenth century and continued to circulate—in chapbook form, with the addition of drolling songs—during the first half of the polite eighteenth century. It provoked numerous rejoinders. First came Rachel Speght, a young lady in her teens, who in 1617 published "*A Mouzell for Melastomus, the Cynicall Bayter of, and foule mouthed Barker against Evahs Sex*." She protested that she came forward in defence of her countrywomen solely because the vulgar ignorant might otherwise have supposed that Swetnam's statements were unanswerable, "whereas now they may plainly perceiue them to bee but the scumme of Heathenish braines." While she apologises for her own defective learning, she makes a spirited attack on Swetnam for his want of method and arrangement. She leaves the widows to defend themselves, "in that I am ignorant of their dispositions." Another answer to the "*Araignment*" appeared under the title of "*Ester hath hanged Haman*," 1617, by a writer who assumed the name of "Ester Sowernam," but it is not of much account. Far more interesting is "*The Worming of a Mad Dogge*," 1617, by "Constantia Munda," who advanced against Swetnam with a very fair equipment of Scriptural and classical learning. She is at one with Sophocles, *γυναιξὶ κόσμον ἢ σιγῇ φέρεται*, and freely admits that "though feminine modesty hath confin'd our rarest wits to silence, wee acknowledge it our greatest ornament." But Swetnam had carried things too far; by

his "arainments, baytings, and rancorous impeachments of the reputation of our whole sex" he had exasperated this gentle and scholarly lady to such a pitch that she could no longer contain her indignation. A traveller he had been forsooth! "Is this," she inquires scathingly, "the benefit of your observations? Is this all the profit your country shall reap by your forraine endeours? to bring home a company of idle humours of light huswives which you have noted, and diuulge them in print to your owne disgrace and perpetuall obloquie?" Swetnam lay low under this hail of rhetorical questions, but kept on reprinting his pamphlet quietly, without omissions or additions.

So lively was the interest excited by the controversy that the "quick comedians" took up the quarrel on behalf of the ladies and staged Swetnam at the Red Bull Theatre, in an anonymous play entitled "Swetnam the Woman-Hater arraigned by Women," which was published in 1620. If the playwright may be believed, the women of Bristol had banded themselves together, and with objurgations had compelled Swetnam to seek another asylum. To-day we all take a pride in our womankind. But if Swetnam still lived what would he say to our Ormiston Chants and Marie Corellis?

GEORGE FREY MARTIN.

THE NEW GALLERY.

THE modern artist is born grown-up, or at least has his toys taken from him so sharply when he enters school, that we seldom catch him playing with them, but only witness the sadder forms of sport that he has been taught. In the seventeenth century those lords Rubens, Vandyck, Rembrandt and Velazquez left so grave an impress of manhood on their art that the child, the dreamer, the player or the lover must take up a brush after them at his peril. In the anxious time when the British School was measuring its young manners against the models of the past, Blake was safely hustled away among the lunatics by the ponderous beadles of art, the follower being ever stricter than his master. With how much admission of the fact, with what grades of interest, with what attention the adult eye might regard the world was taken for decided; flowers, leaves and other details had been generalised, the hairs of our head were no longer numbered, and an elegant non-chalance threw the passions out of focus, and brought into relief the placid head of a gentleman. Painters entered the world as an Englishman does a restaurant—quietly intent, armed, assured, looking neither to right nor left. Many a child learned this magnificent attitude who never got a dinner.

Rossetti was born on one of those lucky mornings when the hunt is up across country in weariness of a walk among the beadles in the street, and half-a-dozen eager spirits are heading on a supposed trail, snuffing the good earth in rapture, and egging one another on ere they discover that all are after different game. Rossetti, fortified by literature, turned into the fields of painting like a child. As a child makes scenes for his stories with pillows in a bed, with bricks on a carpet, with sand on the shore, comfortable dens for the fancy, he invented a world of odd picture places; rooms like nests in a tree-top, through chinks and crannies in whose walls bits of the floor of the world are descried far away, staircases that climb to the wind, window places crowded with his toys; the balcony of heaven from which one may lean and look down as at a street, the bastion-platform where Saint Cecilia's organ stands, the upper chamber of Dante's Dream, the chancel of Galahad's chapel, the choir that is no choir of "Hamlet and Ophelia," they are all built and exactly joinered, in the Nowhere of their stories, Rossetti competing, in the daring of his devices, with the art of words that does such scene-building without an effort, and peopling them with expressive doll-manikins that go straight to the purpose. In place of the art that, respectful of the *thing there*, marshalled groups and masses of the insignificant into significance of composition by light and shadow, here was an art that fetched, object by object, the thing desired, as a bird the twigs for its nest, and fitted them together in a bright, savage pattern.

But the child's freedom and directness of procedure would not of itself have given Rossetti his power over

us, so that we stare at his pictures, and when we have sworn that he cannot paint return to stare again, to read all the dull books about him, to ponder over his secret. By this machinery he threw once more into painting the forces of religion and passion. The religion was a young man's, worship, sacrifice, renunciation, sacrament, salvation figured as acts in the love not of a god but of a woman. All the illustration in his painting is of the stations in this passion, disguised in sacred legends, thrown back into the figure of Dante, gathering hints from cruel or pitiful or gentle stories, or the idol itself of his worship is presented barely with all the force of his design employed to give mould and meaning to her face and hands.

Rossetti ought to have died young, for his imagination could not take another figure than that of the pilgrim and martyr of love, could not engender a man. His men, the Lancelot in the Queen's chamber, the man in "Found," are as ineffective attempts on Madox Brown's territory as are Madox Brown's borrowings from him. He had not formed the attachments to reality that would bridge over for him the gap between love-lorn youth and a man's command of the wider sources of beauty. Millais, with a wrench, got away into the Philistine half school-boyhood, half manhood, that bore at points a nearly perfect flower of art after its kind. We shall never know what Keats would have done, dying as he did at the critical point when he was nerving himself for the change. We have had many examples of the adult eye and intelligence attained by the sensitive spirit at the cost of the heart. Flaubert, for an instance, painting the stupid incoherence of life for the man to whom life is all accident unshaped, is the disenchanting romantic. Rossetti's art suffered the pains of growth, but not a vital renovation. The types developed into wistful bogies, and their maker was menaced by the fate of the loiterer who becomes the melancholy dandy of his own romance.

In another room at the New Gallery there is a picture by Albert Dürer, a man in whose character were mixed some of the qualities of Rossetti's. An inventor, a dreamer, a religious spirit, a worshipper of beauty, he was born out of its native country, and sought it by stubborn research into the structure and aspect and true proportion of things. He did not, of course, come at beauty of person in this pursuit, but his feet touched the firmer ground, and while he laboured his horse, or man, or landscape, what he called the "Dream-work" gathered round it. Rossetti, native-born of beauty, wrought only at the personal features, elaborating the face of his desire on a foundation of dream-work. Such work is good, while the ardour of the dream upholds it. What it lacks of earthly grip and command, it gains in strange intensity and singleness of invention. When we remember rather than see his pictures, the face, the "shrine" he made, seems one of the extremest expressions in art of what a man may fear and worship and desire, a passion communicated barely and directly by the slightest of means.

There are many things at the New Gallery besides the Rossetti's. In the Rossetti room there is one of the few existing pictures of William Morris, of the school of Rossetti, of course, with less passion and more of downright skill of still-life painting. In the second room, besides the Dürer, a portrait by Holbein, a profile by Boltraffio, and a landscape by Rembrandt, are the most fascinating works of the ancients. But these must be passed over. In a third room, along with masters like Gainsborough, Crome, Etty and Constable, are works by two artists born, like Rossetti, in a sort of backwater, in an English suspense of tradition, but not, like him, developing an isolated art all the better for the seclusion. Each of them was artistically sensitive, each of them sought the main stream after his lights, but never overcame a certain disability. Albert Moore had something inhuman in his imagination, as if he had been the son of a Caryatid, and thought a stony pose the highest expression of humanity. Many a painter has professed the doctrine of art for art's sake with no great harm to his art. But Albert Moore's talent, which ought perhaps to have been employed in designing wax-cloth, was perverted by an admiration for Attic sculpture. Combined with a theory

of tints, this resulted in pictures that look like an architect's idea of how sculpture should be coloured.

Frederick Walker was another inverted British Pygmalion who was happy in turning the living being into a statue. In the backwater he made pretty drawings for illustration, of the school of Millais. Then J. F. Millet broke upon him, and also the existence of wide gorgeous effect in landscape. But his means were inadequate. The timid brush outline learned on the woodblock, and the niggled painting of his water-colours were vainly set to emulate the majestic structure and grave labourer-rhythms of the Norman painter, or to render so finely chosen an effect as that of the "Plough." The effort that composed the "Harbour of Refuge" was a very real one towards the light. The water-colour of the almshouses was not merely cleared in a patch to take in the statue of the reaper, but in the forms of the seat, of the parapet, and so forth, was made to acknowledge the lines of the scythe. A more complete remelting and remodelling of his art the painter had not the life to accomplish.

D. S. M.

ENGLISH MUSIC AGAIN.

ENGLISH musicians, so called, incessantly complain of the small demand for their works, of the difficulty of getting them sung or played or mounted on the stage, above all of the impossibility of making money by them. The fact that our Academics get considerably more for a tenth-rate festival cantata or the incidental music to a play than Mozart got for his Requiem or "Don Giovanni," or Beethoven ever got for a symphony, counts for nothing with them. They see that certain drawing-room pets gain immense sums for undeniably bad music and they cannot see why they should not get large sums for music which is also undeniably bad. Wherefore they do all they know to get as much from their publishers as the drawing-room pets, failing altogether to realise that the drawing-room pets have a market, which they have not, and that the drawing-room pets do certainly accomplish what they set out to accomplish, which they do not. What the official musicians of this country wish is to force the public to listen to their music, and to pay for listening to it, and to buy copies of it, whether the public wants to do any or all of these things or not; and to this end they have essayed all manner of dodges, including squaring the critics and trying to intimidate the critics' editors. They have never succeeded; they are in as bad a plight now as they were ten years ago. Now if these official composers of ours were genuine artists with confidence in their work they would not care twopence for the appreciation, the immediate appreciation, of the public; if they were genuine business men with confidence in the value of their goods they would—like Pill manufacturers—take the proper steps to teach the public to like them. They would not, at any rate, make it difficult for the public ever to learn what their work was like. When a new soap is brought out, or a new kind of lead-pencil, or pen-nib, gum or paste, blacking or blacklead, or blotting-paper, the public is immediately informed of the fact, and permitted to test the worth of the new goods by means of samples sent to every house in the more respectable parts of London. Had I collected all the specimens that have been sent to my address and were I minded to open a marine-store, I could stock my shop to-morrow at a merely nominal expenditure. It should not be inferred from this that the present writer wishes composers to give gratuitous performances of their artistic achievements, though as a matter of fact this has very frequently been done. But they might at the very least allow the entrepreneur who is prepared to spend his money on bringing out their music to have the scores comparatively cheap and let them off with a small "performing fee." And this is precisely what they refuse to do. "What!" they seem to say, "is Mr. — such a fool as to play my music?—he must be a fool indeed: I'll see what I can get out of him!" Strange to say the entrepreneur sometimes kicks. The late Sir Augustus Harris told me of one musician with whom he declined to have any further dealings because of the unexpected grasping disposition which the musician had shown in the course of the first

transaction; and I know of certain other musicians to-day who insist upon placing insuperable difficulties in the way of producing their music, fondly convinced that they are standing up for the dignity of their art, de-luding the entrepreneur as to the value of their music, and putting money in their own pockets. Beautiful little stories reach my ears from time to time, but I will not retail them; I only mention the fact that I know them lest some hot-headed pupil of one of our "great music schools" should write indignantly to say that my remarks have no foundation. It is a pity that is not true; it is a pity our musicians will neither be artists nor, like the music-teachers, wholly tradesmen. Of the two, of course one would prefer them to be artists; and though some artists have been astoundingly skilful in creating markets for their wares and in getting the highest possible prices for them, yet one would prefer the musicians of this country at this time to think more of writing good music than of getting it performed and published on terms profitable to themselves. To earn as much as Mozart, Beethoven and Bach ought to be enough to strive for; should they be as successful as Wagner or Handel, no one would grudge them their luck. Their behaviour at present is simply bringing them into contempt, and will make it harder and harder for the rising generation to get their music known.

These remarks are purely irrelevant and have nothing whatever to do with any particular incident connected with the Saturday afternoon concert at Queen's Hall, which concert, and not any particular incident, suggested them. In fact I wish Mr. Cowen's performing fee for the "Scandinavian" symphony had been exorbitant: then I should not have been compelled to listen to it. Of course the symphony is eighteen years old and it would not be fair to judge Mr. Cowen entirely by it. Yet I am bound to say that it has all the characteristics of his best work! it is lengthy, pointless, forced, monotonous, tedious, irritating. Mr. Cowen neither knows how to begin nor how to leave off; and if he finds it as hard to begin as he does to leave off I pity him for the sufferings he undergoes before each masterpiece is begun to be set down on paper for the benefit of a quite indifferent world. The first movement reminds me of the entry of a very bashful man into one's office, his preliminary stumble over a rug or a chair, his subsequent stutterings, stammerings and vain repetitions of more or less fatuous phrases, his long and ineffectual struggle to take your polite hint and go, his wild chase after his hat and stick which insists on dropping to the ground and rolling away whenever he tries to hold them and his gloves in one hand while endeavouring to make up his mind to offer you the other, his ignominious collision, just as he leaves, with a servant bringing in a scuttle full of coals, and his return to apologise for all the damage he has done. But there is a difference between the bashful man and the Scandinavian symphony. Mr. Cowen is not at all a bashful man; and though he goes through all the antics of one, he does it with such impervious self-assurance that one feels no pity for him. He evidently thinks that his symphony is all right, that the way in which his symphony is written is the way in which symphonies ought to be written. And there is this much to be said in excuse for him—that at the time he wrote it nearly every composer in Europe was writing—symphonies when he felt inclined, but most commonly operas and cantatas—in precisely the same way. Wagner had shown what tremendous things could be done with splendid material and continuous development—splendid continuous development of course—and all the little men went after him, forgetting that their material lacked splendour and force, and that they lacked Wagner's sincerity, purpose, high imagination, super-human energy and astounding fecundity of brilliant device. Mr. Cowen fell a helpless victim to the common malady, and he seems never to have quite recovered; for I remember how his "Harold" dribbled on to a most lame and impotent conclusion, and how very little terser the brief "Transfiguration" was. But I do not remember a movement quite so flabby, incoherent, inconsequent and—until the last note—apparently interminable as the first movement of the "Scandinavian." There is not a strong direct

theme in it: merely a phrase is given out and repeated everlastingly by one instrument after another; then another phrase is given out and similarly handled; then we have more of number one and afterwards more of number two, until at last we begin to realise—as perhaps Mr. Cowen did in the act of the composition—that there is no reason on earth why this sort of thing should not go on for ever and ever. The last movement is only less tiresome because it is briefer. The programmist says it “has been spoken of by an imaginative writer as ‘the entrance of Thor with his hammer’”; and the person who could detect Thor, with or without his hammer, in such flabby strains, is indeed to be congratulated on the vividness and exceeding facility of his imagination. The return to tunes from the first movement reminds one of a reputed habit of the dog. As for the scherzo, consisting of an endlessly repeated and feebly varied bit of the accompaniment to the “Hallelujah” chorus, and the “Summer Evening on the Fiord,” with the German brass band playing on the banks until one is tempted to throw it a penny to stop, there is nothing to be said about them, and I shall say nothing. It need not be added that there is no breath of Norway or Sweden in suggestion of the moor or the mountain, from first bar to last; Mr. Cowen is utterly deficient in picturesque fancy. I am far from suggesting that such music should not be written, nor do I call it a serious crime to play it; but it seemed to me a pity last Saturday that Mr. Cowen’s performing fees were not so exorbitant as the fees of certain of his brethren.

These columns have so often been filled with praise of Mr. Henry Wood and his superlative band, which, I discover, actually tunes to the fork before the concert, that positively I am ashamed to say more about them this week. Wherefore it only remains to remind my readers that to-day’s programme is an excellent one; and that they cannot better beguile a tedious Saturday afternoon than by attending at Queen’s Hall at three o’clock. And is it permissible to remind them also that Lamoureux—charming, in his way incomparable—gives his next concert in the same hall, and at the same hour, on Wednesday afternoon next?

J. F. R.

TAPPERTIT ON CÆSAR.

“Julius Cæsar.” Her Majesty’s Theatre, 22 January, 1898.

THE truce with Shakespeare is over. It was only possible whilst “Hamlet” was on the stage. “Hamlet” is the tragedy of private life—nay, of individual bachelor-poet life. It belongs to a detached residence, a select library, an exclusive circle, to no occupation, to fathomless boredom, to impenitent muggumpism, to the illusion that the futility of these things is the futility of existence, and its contemplation philosophy: in short, to the dream-fed gentlemanism of the age which Shakespeare inaugurated in English literature: the age, that is, of the rising middle-class bringing into power the ideas taught it by its servants in the kitchen, and its fathers in the shop—ideas now happily passing away as the onslaught of modern democracy offers to the kitchen-taught and home-bred the alternative of achieving a real superiority or going ignominiously under in the class conflict.

It is when we turn to “Julius Cæsar,” the most splendidly written political melodrama we possess, that we realise the apparently immortal author of “Hamlet” as a man, not for all time, but for an age only, and that, too, in all solidly wise and heroic aspects, the most despicable of all the ages in our history. It is impossible for even the most judicially-minded critic to look without a revulsion of indignant contempt at this travesty of a great man as a silly braggart, whilst the pitiful gang of mischief-makers who destroyed him are lauded as statesmen and patriots. There is not a single sentence uttered by Shakespeare’s Julius Cæsar that is, I will not say worthy of him, but even worthy of an average Tammany boss. Brutus is nothing but a familiar type of English suburban preacher: politically he would hardly impress the Thames Conservancy Board. Cassius is a vehemently assertive nonentity. It is only when we come to Antony, unctuous voluptuary and self-seeking sentimental demagogue, that we find Shakespeare in his depth; and in his depth, of course,

he is superlative. Regarded as a crafty stage job, the play is a triumph: rhetoric, claptrap, effective gushes of emotion, all the devices of the popular playwright, are employed with a profusion of power that almost breaks their backs. No doubt there are slips and slovenlinesses of the kind that careful revisers eliminate; but they count for so little in the mass of accomplishment that it is safe to say that the dramatist’s art can be carried no further on that plane. If Goethe, who understood Cæsar and the significance of his death—“the most senseless of deeds” he called it—had treated the subject, his conception of it would have been as superior to Shakespeare’s as St. John’s Gospel is to the “Police News”; but his treatment could not have been more magnificently successful. As far as sonority, imagery, wit, humour, energy of imagination, power over language, and a whimsically keen eye for idiosyncrasies can make a dramatist, Shakespeare was the king of dramatists. Unfortunately, a man may have them all, and yet conceive high affairs of state exactly as Simon Tappertit did. In one of the scenes in “Julius Cæsar” a conceited poet bursts into the tent of Brutus and Cassius, and exhorts them not to quarrel with one another. If Shakespeare had been able to present his play to the ghost of the great Julius, he would probably have had much the same reception. He certainly would have deserved it.

When it was announced that Mr. Tree had resolved to give special prominence to the character of Cæsar in his acting version, the critics winked, and concluded simply that the actor-manager was going to play Antony and not Brutus. Therefore I had better say that Mr. Tree must stand acquitted of any belittlement of the parts which compete so strongly with his own. Before going to Her Majesty’s I was curious enough to block out for myself a division of the play into three acts; and I found that Mr. Tree’s division corresponded exactly with mine. Mr. Waller’s opportunities as Brutus, and Mr. McLeay’s as Cassius, are limited only by their own ability to take advantage of them; and Mr. Louis Calvert figures as boldly in the public eye as he did in his own production of “Antony and Cleopatra” last year at Manchester. Indeed, Mr. Calvert is the only member of the company who achieves an unequivocal success. The preference expressed in the play by Cæsar for fat men may, perhaps, excuse Mr. Calvert for having again permitted himself to expand after his triumphant reduction of his girth for his last appearance in London. However, he acted none the worse: in fact, nobody else acted so skilfully or originally. The others, more heavily burdened, did their best, quite in the spirit of the man who had never played the fiddle, but had no doubt he could if he tried. Without oratory, without style, without specialised vocal training, without any practice worth mentioning, they assaulted the play with cheerful self-sufficiency, and gained great glory by the extent to which, as a masterpiece of the playwright’s trade, it played itself. Some small successes were not lacking. Cæsar’s nose was good: Calpurnia’s bust was worthy of her: in such parts Garrick and Siddons could have achieved no more. Miss Evelyn Millard’s Roman matron in the style of Richardson—Cato’s daughter as Clarissa—was an unlooked-for novelty; but it cost a good deal of valuable time to get in the eighteenth century between the lines of the first B.C. By operatic convention—the least appropriate of all conventions—the boy Lucius was played by Mrs. Tree, who sang Sullivan’s ultra-nineteenth-century “Orpheus with his Lute,” modulations and all, to a pizzicato accompaniment supposed to be played on a lyre with eight open and unstopable strings, a feat complexly and absurdly impossible. Mr. Waller, as Brutus, failed in the first half of the play. His intention clearly was to represent Brutus as a man superior to fate and circumstance; but the effect he produced was one of insensibility. Nothing could have been more unfortunate; for it is through the sensibility of Brutus that the audience have to learn what they cannot learn from the phlegmatic pluck of Casca or the narrow vindictiveness of Cassius: that is, the terrible momentousness, the harrowing anxiety and dread, of the impending catastrophe. Mr. Waller left that function to the thunderstorm. From the death of Cæsar onward he was better; and his appearance

throughout was effective; but at best his sketch was a water-colour one. Mr. Franklyn McLeay carried off the honours of the evening by his deliberate staginess and imposing assumption: that is, by as much of the grand style as our playgoers now understand; but in the last act he was monotonously violent, and died the death of an incorrigible poseur, not of a noble Roman. Mr. Tree's memory failed him as usual; and a good deal of the technical part of his work was botched and haphazard, like all Shakespearean work nowadays; nevertheless, like Mr. Calvert, he made the audience believe in the reality of the character before them. But it is impossible to praise his performance in detail. I cannot recall any single passage in the scene after the murder that was well done: in fact, he only secured an effective curtain by bringing Calpurnia on the stage to attitudinise over Cæsar's body. To say that the demagogic oration in the Forum produced its effect is nothing; for its effect is inevitable, and Mr. Tree neither made the most of it nor handled it with any pretence of mastery or certainty. But he was not stupid, nor inane, nor Bard-of-Avon ridden; and he contrived to interest the audience in Antony instead of trading on their ready-made interest in Mr. Beerbohm Tree. And for that many sins may be forgiven him nowadays, when the playgoer, on first nights at all events, goes to see the cast rather than the play.

What is missing in the performance, for want of the specific Shakespearean skill, is the Shakespearean music. When we come to those unrivalled grandiose passages in which Shakespeare turns on the full organ, we want to hear the sixteen-foot pipes booming, or, failing them (as we often must, since so few actors are naturally equipped with them), the ennobled tone, and the tempo suddenly steadied with the majesty of deeper purpose. You have, too, those moments when the verse, instead of opening up the depths of sound, rises to its most brilliant clangour, and the lines ring like a thousand trumpets. If we cannot have these effects, or if we can only have genteel drawing-room arrangements of them, we cannot have Shakespeare; and that is what is mainly the matter at Her Majesty's: there are neither trumpets nor pedal pipes there. The conversation is metrical and emphatic in an elocutionary sort of way; but it makes no distinction between the arid prairies of blank verse which remind one of "Henry VI." at its crudest, and the places where the morass suddenly piles itself into a mighty mountain. Cassius in the first act has a twaddling forty-line speech, base in its matter and mean in its measure, followed immediately by the magnificent torrent of rhetoric, the first burst of true Shakespearean music in the play, beginning,—

"Why man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves."

I failed to catch the slightest change of elevation or reinforcement of feeling when Mr. McLeay passed from one to the other. His tone throughout was dry; and it never varied. By dint of energetic, incisive articulation, he drove his utterances harder home than the others; but the best lines seemed to him no more than the worst: there were no heights and depths, no contrast of black thunder-cloud and flaming lightning flash, no stir and surprises. Yet he was not inferior in oratory to the rest. Mr. Waller certainly cannot be reproached with dryness of tone; and his delivery of the speech in the forum was perhaps the best piece of formal elocution we got; but he also kept at much the same level throughout, and did not at any moment attain to anything that could be called grandeur. Mr. Tree, except for a conscientiously desperate effort to cry havoc and let slip the dogs of war in the robust manner, with no better result than to all but extinguish his voice, very sensibly left oratory out of the question, and tried conversational sincerity, which answered so well that his delivery of "This was the noblest Roman of them all" came off excellently.

The real hero of the revival is Mr. Alma Tadema. The scenery and stage colouring deserve everything that has been said of them. But the illusion is wasted by want of discipline and want of thought behind the scenes. Every carpenter seems to make it a point of

honour to set the cloths swinging in a way that makes Rome reel and the audience positively seasick. In Brutus's house the door is on the spectators' left: the knocks on it come from the right. The Roman soldiers take the field each man with his two javelins neatly packed up like a fishing-rod. After a battle, in which they are supposed to have made the famous Roman charge, hurling these javelins in and following them up sword in hand, they come back carrying the javelins still undisturbed in their rug-straps, in perfect trim for a walk-out with the nursery-maids of Philippi.

The same want of vigilance appears in the acting version. For example, though the tribunes Flavius and Marullus are replaced by two of the senators, the lines referring to them by name are not altered. But the oddest oversight is the retention in the tent scene of the obvious confusion of the original version of the play, in which the death of Portia was announced to Brutus by Messala, with the second version, into which the quarrel scene was written to strengthen the fourth act. In this version Brutus, already in possession of the news, reveals it to Cassius. The play has come down to us with the two alternative scenes strung together; so that Brutus's reception of Messala's news, following his own revelation of it to Cassius, is turned into a satire on Roman fortitude, the suggestion being that the secret of the calm with which a noble Roman received the most terrible tidings in public was that it had been carefully imparted to him in private beforehand. Mr. Tree has not noticed this; and the two scenes are gravely played one after the other at Her Majesty's. This does not matter much to our playgoers, who never venture to use their common sense when Shakespeare is in question; but it wastes time. Mr. Tree may without hesitation cut out Pindarus and Messala, and go straight on from the bowl of wine to Brutus's question about Philippi.

The music, composed for the occasion by Mr. Raymond Roze, made me glad that I had already taken care to acknowledge the value of Mr. Roze's services to Mr. Tree; for this time he has missed the Roman vein rather badly. To be a Frenchman was once no disqualification for the antique, because French musicians used to be brought up on Gluck as English ones were brought up on Handel. But Mr. Roze composes as if Gluck had been supplanted wholly in his curriculum by Gounod and Bizet. If that prelude to the third act were an attempt to emulate the overtures to "Alceste" or "Iphigenia" I could have forgiven it. But to give us the soldiers' chorus from Faust, crotchet for crotchet and triplet for triplet, with nothing changed but the notes, was really too bad.

I am sorry I must postpone until next week all consideration of Mr. Pinero's "Trelawny of the Wells." The tragic circumstances under which I do so are as follows. The manager of the Court Theatre, Mr. Arthur Chudleigh, did not honour the "Saturday Review" with the customary invitation to the first performance. When a journal is thus slighted, it has no resource but to go to its telephone and frantically offer any terms to the box-offices for a seat for the first night. But on fashionable occasions the manager is always master of the situation: there are never any seats to be had except from himself. It was so on this occasion; and the "Saturday Review" was finally brought to its knees at the feet of the Sloane Square telephone. In response to a humble appeal, the instrument scornfully replied that "three lines of adverse criticism were of no use to it." Naturally my curiosity was excited to an extraordinary degree by the fact that the Court Theatre telephone, which knew all about Mr. Pinero's comedy, should have such a low opinion of it as to be absolutely certain that it would deserve an unprecedentedly contemptuous treatment at my hands. I instantly purchased a place for the fourth performance, Charlotte Corday and Julius Cæsar occupying my time on the second and third nights; and I am now in a position to assure that telephone that its misgivings were strangely unwarranted, and that, if it will excuse my saying so, it does not know a good comedieta when it sees one. Reserving my reasons for next week, I offer Mr. Pinero my apologies for a delay which is not my own fault. (Will the "Mining Journal" please copy, as Mr. Pinero reads no other paper during the current fortnight).

I find this article has already run to such a length that I must postpone consideration of "Charlotte Corday" also, merely remarking for the present that I wish the play was as attractive as the heroine.

G. B. S.

MONEY MATTERS.

ONCE again at their meeting on Thursday the Bank of England directors decided to leave the standard rate unaltered at 3 per cent. As regards the Money Market generally the pressure became marked as the week advanced, and on Wednesday applications had to be made in a few instances to the Bank of England for advances at 3 per cent. On Thursday morning the charge for short loans had risen to $2\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. £262,000 was withdrawn from the Bank during the week ended on Thursday. Rates in the discount market stiffened, Bank paper of three months date having been arranged at $2\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. on Thursday, and those of four and six months date at $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

Business was very quiet in the Stock markets during the week: the settlement, the aggressive attitude of Russia over the Chinese question, and less immediate causes, all having tended to contract business and make operators shy of fresh commitments. Not the least influential of these latter causes was the Dreyfus affair and the disturbance in the French Chamber, which had a most deadening effect on the Paris bourse, an effect which, needless to say, was fully reflected on this side. The settlement proved a slight affair, the bull account open having been moderate. Carrying-over rates in most departments were generally lighter than those ruling at the previous settlement. In the Home Railway market, for instance, the charge on North-Eastern fell from $\frac{3}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ at the previous settlement to $\frac{1}{8}$ to $\frac{3}{16}$. The American general rate was distinctly easier, at 4 to 5 per cent. One small broker anticipated the settlement by being hammered on the first day of the week, but otherwise matters passed off pretty smoothly.

As regards new business, Consols eased off somewhat, partly on account of the Chinese question, but also in consequence of the hardening of rates in the Money Market. Home Rails should have been favourably inclined owing to the passing-by of the engineering strike cloud which had hung so long over the market. But members were disappointed at the dividends declared by the directors of the Lancashire and Yorkshire and London and South-Western Railway Companies. As in the case of most of the other railway dividends to which we referred last week, this disappointment was entirely due to over-optimism on the part of the market, for the dividends were not really bad. American Railway securities had a dull time during the earlier days in the week, but on Wednesday afternoon and on Thursday there was quite a spurt. Further good traffic receipts helped Trunks and Canadian Pacific Rails on their upward march. Mexican Rails were very strong, there having been more talk of the proposed sliding scale of charges to which we referred last week, the general feeling in the market being that the Government will grant the reform. The other favourable influences in connexion with these securities, to which we referred last week, were also taken into consideration by the market.

The Westralian Market has been dull for the past week, with very little doing. A failure in Adelaide brought a number of shares on the market, which temporarily affected some shares that have no "shop" to support them. Kalgurli fell from $6\frac{1}{4}$ to $5\frac{1}{8}$, but a number of buyers coming forward, they quickly recovered to $6\frac{1}{4}$. Peakhills have been a good market on the excellent returns from the last crushing. There was a report that Mr. Callaghan had resigned his position as manager of the Lake View Consols, but this is not the case, as his engagement has been renewed for three years. The Great Boulder Main Reef Company have nearly completed the erection of their cyanide plant, and the Hannans Brownhill machinery is expected to be at full work early in March. If it realises expectations, it will make the Brownhill mine the biggest gold-producer in the colony. The delay of ten days in paying the London

and Globe dividend, which gave rise to considerable comment, was caused by the clerical work involved in dealing with an enormous number of transfers. North Boulder shares have receded to $\frac{1}{8}$ on the last crushing, which was considerably below the usual high average from the mine. There has been a change of management at this property, which it is hoped will result in a development sufficiently rapid to keep the machinery constantly at full work. The total crushing returns from West Australian mines for the past year show an average of 1 oz. 10 dwt. of gold to the ton. This result is highly satisfactory, and is far ahead of any other Australian colony. In Victoria, where the yield is lowest, the total crushings average only 7 dwt.

A feature of the Westralian Market on Contango day was the charge on London and Globe shares, which at one time rose to 8 to 9 per cent., whilst at the two previous accounts the carry-over of these shares had been arranged at "even." Looking down the list of making-up prices this time, and comparing them with those of a fortnight back, an idea might be formed of the dull period through which Westralian mining shares have been passing. Beyond a rise of $\frac{3}{8}$ in Brownhill Central and of $\frac{5}{16}$ in Golden Horseshoes, declines were marked all along the line. On Wednesday, however, the market looked up a bit, though nothing of special importance took place, whilst on Thursday members' attention was almost entirely occupied with the settlement.

Not much interest centred round the Kaffir circus, where prices wobbled a good deal, though the tone on the whole was firm. It seemed on Monday morning as though the market was altogether without support, and shares were being offered right and left; but towards the end of the day there was a hardening all along the line, and the better tone was maintained on Tuesday. On the next evening prices were rather weaker, and Thursday was a dull day. The noteworthy point about the Kaffir market these times is the entire absence of those disturbing rumours that used to cause so much flutter in old days. The rumour-monger in the Kaffir circus has died a natural death.

The reasons for the dulness of South Africans are clear enough. Public buying has still been on the most restricted scale, but in spite of a good deal of banging by one or two jobbers, declines have been generally very small, and the state of the market has already begun to improve. Unrest with regard to political complications in the Far East has undoubtedly depressed the mining market in company with other markets, and Paris has been a poor buyer on account of the Dreyfus troubles. Otherwise the news of the week could scarcely have failed to exercise a favourable influence upon prices. On 1 January both railway charges and the cost of dynamite in the Transvaal were lowered, and it was announced during the week that on 1 March the Cape Government Railway will also lower its rates. All this makes for lower working costs, whilst the economies made at the mines themselves are still being continued. The Rose Deep Mine, for instance, in December, its third month of working, succeeded in reducing working expenses to £1 1s. 5d. per ton, and made a profit of £1 2s. 11d. per ton. As the Rose Deep will commence crushing with 200 stamps in April next, it will very shortly, therefore, realise all, and more than all, that we ventured to predict of it a month before it started crushing. Its slimes plant will come into operation next month, and will further increase the profits. Even at its present rate of working, and without any further reduction in costs, it will with 200 stamps make a profit of over £400,000 a year on its total capital of £400,000.

The Crown Deep report for December is not less encouraging to the prospects of the deep-level mines. Working expenses were £1 3s. 11d. per ton, and the profit per ton about £1. It has already 190 stamps at work; the remaining ten stamps will soon be dropped, and then, even whilst working its poorer ore, it will make a profit of more than £350,000 a year on its capital of £300,000. Subsequently this profit is certain to be

largely increased. It will be remembered that the Geldenhuis Deep, which is now showing such excellent results, when it first started rather disappointed expectations, and the Crown Deep mine, although it has started so well, will, we are assured on excellent authority, ultimately show as great an advance on its earlier returns as did the first of the deep levels to start crushing.

The remarkable success of the deep-level mines already at work has had a curious result with regard to the value of the ground belonging to the Turf Club in Johannesburg. This is situated to the south of the Robinson & Ferreira Deeps, and was presented to the club. It is now valued at £1,000,000, and as much as £2000, it is said, has been offered for the £100 debentures of the club. The "Standard and Diggers' News," however, to which we owe this information, is doubtful whether the club really owns the mineral rights under its ground.

The Robinson Deep Mine is said to be opening up in a wonderfully rich manner. Along the whole of the reef which has been developed the ore is quite equal in average value to that in the corresponding outcrop mines, and in one place the reef for a distance of over 100 feet gives an assay of fifteen ounces to the ton through a thickness of six inches. In view of the prospects of this mine, at the present price of £11 10s. its shares can only be considered ridiculously cheap.

Mr. Commissioner Kerr has not a high opinion of the directors of gold-mining companies. A gentleman brought an action against the Central De Kaap Gold Mines, Limited, last week, to recover money paid on calls due on shares, on the ground that he was induced to buy the shares by misrepresentations as to the gold-bearing value of the property of the Company. Mr. Commissioner Kerr's only comfort for the indignant shareholder was to inform him that he had merely been entrapped like a good many other silly members of the British public. "Pay up, have nothing to do with any gold company, and never believe a director again for the rest of your life," was his advice. We would not go so far as Mr. Commissioner Kerr and say that no directors of gold-mining companies are to be trusted. The large number of gold mines making handsome profits for their shareholders proves the contrary. But it is quite true that there are probably a larger number of companies which make no profits, and we have further noticed that it is the directors of these latter companies who are most ready to reply to hostile criticism by threats of legal action. If other judges hold the same opinions as Mr. Commissioner Kerr, they would be wiser to lie low and say nothing.

From the report of the statutory meeting of the Dawson City (Klondyke) and Dominion Trading Corporation, Limited, which will be found on another page, the prospects of this Corporation, which has the Premier of British Columbia on its Advisory Board, appear to be excellent. Although only formed three months ago the Chairman and his colleagues have already secured large interests in valuable properties. The Chairman is now on his way to British Columbia to confer with the Advisory Board and we may expect favourable developments on his return.

It is said that Sir Henry C. Burdett's successor as Secretary to the Share and Loan department of the Stock Exchange is to be Mr. J. A. T. Johnson. He was elected from a list of nine candidates. Mr. Johnson is to receive a salary of £1500 a year. From what can be gathered it scarcely seems as if Mr. Johnson were going to occupy the unique position of Sir Henry Burdett, as several changes are to be made in the organization of the department. Mr. Johnson's many friends will wish him success in his new career.

NEW ISSUES.

MOUNT LYELL PROPRIETARY.

The capital of the Mount Lyell Proprietary Mines, Limited, is £500,000 in shares of £1 each, and there are now issued 400,000 of these shares at par. The

property to be acquired comprises 567 acres or thereabouts. The price to be paid is £300,000, payable either in cash or shares, or partly in one and partly in the other, as circumstances may decide. This is a stiff sum of money to part with, and the public will do well to examine very carefully what guarantees the directors offer as to the value of the property. They are mostly in the shape of reports by Government officials, but these reports are merely opinions. No definite working results have as yet been obtained, and the value of the property from a dividend paying point of view is prospective. This must be the chief consideration of those who contemplate subscribing to the £300,000 purchase money asked for by the vendors.

ELECTRICAL CAB COMPANY.

Investment in the London Electrical Cab Company is to a great extent a matter of faith. The Company was originally floated, less than twelve months ago, with a capital of £150,000 in £1 shares, and 63,612 of these have already been subscribed. The directors now offer for subscription the remaining 86,388 shares at a premium of 2s. 6d. per share. How the directors justify this premium it is impossible to say, unless it is by vague statements as to the popularity of the electric cab among Londoners, and equally vague promises as to future profits for the Company. Had the issue been made at par, we should have been inclined to deal lightly with the shortcomings of this prospectus, for there may be a satisfactory future for the electric cab as a popular vehicle. But here is an enterprise not twelve months old in which no dividend has yet been earned, and of which no details of working up to the present are revealed. All that the prospective investor has to guide him is a general statement by Messrs. Kincard, Waller & Manville that they believe dividends will be paid. To charge a premium on such a basis is surely asking for too much faith. The list of subscriptions closes to-day.

A DUTCH COOPERAGE.

The prospectus of Arnold J. Van den Bergh, Limited, is so honest in its impudence that criticism is almost disarmed. The majority of directors are Dutch gentlemen, and we presume that it is ignorance of the English public that has permitted them to appeal for subscriptions on the strength of such an inadequate document. The object of the Company is to acquire the steam cooperage and wood factories of Arnold J. Van den Bergh, of Rotterdam, Holland, and Cleves, Germany. The business is that of a manufacturer of all manner of packages, such as boxes, baskets, casks, &c. The firm also largely manufactures petroleum barrels upon the American system. One of the first statements in the prospectus to attract a reader's attention is the declaration that "it is not considered prudent for business purposes to disclose the actual profits." In lieu of such a statement, Messrs. W. H. Pannell & Co. submit a sort of certificate, in which they say that the books for the last two years have been examined and that the profits amounted to nearly double the sum required to pay 5 per cent. on this debenture issue of £60,000. The sales, it appears, last year showed an increase on those of 1896. This is, needless to say, an inadequate certificate. No statement is made as to whether profits are increasing or the reverse, and one cannot help feeling that had they been increasing the directors would scarcely have concealed that light under a bushel. At best it will be seen that Messrs. Pannell & Co. have only seen the books for two years, whilst the business has been carried on since 1879. We fail to realise what trade reasons there can be against making a definite statement on the subject of profits, unless it is true that such a revelation would prove an unfavourable feature of the prospectus. In addition to the £60,000 five per cent. debentures, there is a share capital of £60,000, in £5 shares.

ADVICE TO INVESTORS.

LISTER & Co. (F. C., Belsize Park).—We do not agree with your correspondent. The result of last year's trading certainly does not compare favourably with that of the year before, but it is said that the Company has made new developments which should be appreciably reflected in the trading.

GEM OF CUE (P. J. F., Bayswater).—1. Cannot say. 2. The

10-stamp battery has, we hear, commenced crushing. It is expected that 400 tons a month can be crushed.

FORE STREET WAREHOUSES (Wool Broker, Basinghall Street).—The shares certainly do not stand at as high a price as they did, and the last dividend was, we understand, paid out of reserve. Directors armed with a pruning-knife would certainly be an advantage.

GREAT EASTERN (H. B., St. George's Club).—Yes. By all means.

THEATRICAL SPECULATION (Actor).—Yours is not a financial question.

CORRESPONDENCE.

OUR CONQUERORS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

23 January, 1898.

SIR,—The Dreyfus case has lit into full flame the smouldering fumes of the Jew-hatred that is an integral part of our Christian heritage. Germany has her Stöcker, and France her Paris students' quarter to voice her indignation at each successful move of the enemy. Only in England are we cattle-dumb and meanly patient whilst "The Unbelievers," with drums beating and flags flying, march from Whitechapel to Piccadilly, from Maida Vale to Mayfair, shrieking out their pæans of victory. Harry Marks of Butterworth celebrity, Arthur Strauss with his matrimonial histories, Louis Sinclair of the many names and disputed and disputable nationality, represent respectively in our House of Commons nearly half a million English Protestants. Mr. Friedlander, alias King, alias Ryder-King, leases the acres held for generations by the Earls of Warwick; our gracious Queen takes tea with the Messrs. Neumann, whose only claim to respect is the money they have made, and the public have lost, in the South African market; Mr. Sam Lewis lives in Grosvenor Square, and drags down a whole noble house and its reputation by his easy dealings in discounted bills; Mr. Daniel Jay follows suit with the Tatton Sykes forgeries; the Jewish national emblem, the three balls rampant, floats alike over the Mansion House and the House of Lords; and the staring architectural enormities that disfigure Park Lane are mere landmarks in the country they have conquered. And not a voice in press or platform is lifted in protests. I appeal to the "Saturday Review" to break through the conspiracy of silence entered into by the Jewish proprietorship of the "Daily Telegraph," the "Observer," the "World," the "Sun," and the "Sunday Times," the "Financial News," and the "South African Critic," backed up by the influential support of the Jewish representatives on the staff of the "Times," the "Morning," the "Morning Post," and the "Daily News." Sir, the organization of society depends upon the material of which that society is composed. Let me put two or three more plain facts before you, and then say whether the growth of discontent in the labour world, the weakening of our foreign policy, the failure of our army and the undermining of our navy, no less than the decay of a national drama, and the pitiful status of our Poet Laureate may not be traced to the Jewish influence in the Council Chambers, the Jewish gold among our capitalists, the overpowering Jewish voice in the daily press.

The star of England is setting and her splendour dying down in the West as surely, if more slowly, than did the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome. Our fortifications are falling, and the strained ramparts giving way, the defences melting like wax, and the sturdiest soldiers throwing down their arms. A syndicate of Napoleons, with the Rothschilds at their head, have burrowed and undermined, have thrown up earthworks and sapped our defences, have tampered with the fidelity of our guards, and won from us the sympathies of our private soldiers. I am not a journalist, or perhaps I too should have been bought over to see that all the signs of the times should be ignored, the growth of greed, the unhealthy desire for personal luxury, the irreligion, the immorality, and the insincerity that have followed in the trail of this great conquering army. I am not a journalist, nor a General. If I were the first, as I said before, I might have been bought over; if I were the latter I might even now see a way of checking the onrush before every stronghold

has fallen, like London, into the hands of the enemy. The sum accruing for the death dues on the estate of Mr. Barney Barnato is enough to build a battleship! The amount of capital represented in London alone by a few such houses as the Rothschilds, Raphaels, Klemwort Cohens, Sterns, Speyers, Lucas, Lazaris, Erlangis, Bishoffsheims, Montagues, Seligmanns, and Henry Oppenheims is sufficient to equip a fleet or mobilise an army. What is to prevent its being put to this use? The insignificant name with which I sign this letter has not, I know, the power to stem the current—or I should have come forward before—but it is the name of an honest Englishman, with an honest distrust of the descendants of the people who crucified our Lord; and I look to you, Sir, with your traditions of courage and independence, to use your influence to start at least an inquiry into the strength of the position of this little group of aliens, less than a hundred thousand strong, who have captured our capital and nobbled our press. Do not allow England any longer to be under the stigma of being the only country to submit to the degradation of this conquest without a voice, without a sound! In Russia, in Austria, in France, in stubborn Germany the cry of revolt has been raised. It is to the common interest of the race, and the special interest of each individual, that public attention should not be drawn to the extraordinary contrast between British Jewry of to-day and British Jewry of fifty years ago; but you, Sir, I think, are independent, and dare to state the facts and show the effect the progress of the Jews have had in producing the decadence of our nation and the indifference of our Churchmen.—Yours truly,

JOHN CHURTON SMITHSON.

[NOTE.—We cannot refuse to print Mr. Smithson's excitable letter, though we have tried in vain to find his "two or three plain facts," and it is even possible we make some inquiries into the field he suggests; but we wish to make it understood immediately that our views on the subject are very different to those apparently held by our correspondent, and the directions our inquiries may take will be in a different field to that which he indicates.]

PROGRESSIVE SYSTEMATISED INSANITY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

18 January, 1898.

SIR,—The pitiful condition of ignorance in which the general medical practitioner is permitted to continue with respect to every form and type of insanity is an anomaly (to call it by its gentlest name) of which the public should be made aware, and with the object-lesson recently so painfully forced on our notice by the open assassination of a prominent actor by a wandering lunatic, who years ago should have been incarcerated in an asylum, it would not be out of place to make the following pertinent inquiries.

How is it that while, by Act of Parliament, medical men of every grade, as soon as they are enrolled on the General Medical Register, are empowered to sign away the liberty of the subject, no provision whatever has been made by law also to insist on their adequate acquaintance with mental disease? The majority of practising medical men in the kingdom (full ninety per cent.) never included the study of lunacy in their curricula; full fifty per cent. have never read a word on the subject, and are no more capable judges of a man's sanity or insanity than the ordinary untutored layman. The result of this is that the premonitory evidences of the dangerous forms of insanity are to them a sealed book, and the lunatic is permitted, during his incubatory and developmental periods of disease, to stalk the streets a danger to society. It is only when by some outrageous act he proves himself to the most ordinary intellect, such as the police, to be a person of unsound mind that the then sapient decision of a medical man is called upon to deprive him of his much-abused liberty.

Again, how is it that when appeals for protection, of the most obviously insane nature, e.g., persecution by unseen agents, secret poisoning, mysterious voices, &c., are made to magistrates by applicants at metropolitan and other police courts, no one deems it his duty to take decisive steps to have the complainant's mental

condition properly gauged by some authority in mental disease? He or she is, on the contrary, permitted to go scot free, the demand for a summons being evidently regarded as an innocuous eccentricity, while in fact the applicant is probably labouring under a form of delusional insanity which finds expression sooner or later in violent assault, murder or suicide. Should not stipendiary magistrates as well as medical men then be initiated into the mysteries of the dangerous forms of insanity?

The matter is distinctly a public question of paramount importance, for any member of society may suddenly and without warning find himself singled out by some wandering lunatic, dominated by a delusional belief or the imperious command of an auditory hallucination, as a foe meet for secret or open destruction.

Another matter. The Lunacy Act, by its stringent regulations and circumlocutory methods, so guards the liberty of the subject that, unless proofs of insanity sufficient to satisfy, not the trained alienist, but the layman (*i.e.*, the legal section of the Commissioners' Board), are forthcoming, the hands of the specialist in mental disease must remain tied until by abnormal conduct, and by nought else, the subject can be deemed insane. Aberrant conduct may be the very proper guide to the uninitiated as to a man's sanity or insanity; but surely in these days of advanced scientific knowledge of mental affections a greater freedom of action, as a precautionary measure, should be permitted to specialists in this line, who alone are able to judge of the possible developments of an expressed delusional belief or of an openly acknowledged auditory hallucination. Enormities of conduct, such as murder or suicide, may then perhaps be guarded against by prompt measures.

Progressive systematised insanity, of which Richard A. Prince is a typical example, has been so little studied in England, notwithstanding its enormous frequency, that his peculiar persecutory beliefs, linked with grandiose ideas, come as quite a novelty to the majority of medical men. There are, owing to their crass ignorance of insanity, hundreds of similar cases haunting the streets of London. They would find the study of insane states, and especially of this form of insanity, of refreshing benefit to themselves and of much good to the community of which they pose as the learned guardians.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully, MEDICUS.

ENGLISH LYRIC POETRY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

December, 1879.

SIR,—My presence on the hospitable shores of England must serve as the somewhat paradoxical explanation of my failure to see any sooner the notice of my anthology of English Lyric Poetry, 1500-1700, in your issue of 23 October. Inasmuch as your reviewer—although with becoming sorrow—has, by his own admission, treated my work "harshly," nay, with exemplary harshness, perhaps in the interest of English fair play you will permit me to say a few words in rejoinder.

A first-rate clawing by a Saturday Reviewer is traditionally one of the eminent experiences in a modern author's life, and, as I now learn, it may dignify even the modest obscurity of a modern compiler and editor. It is said that even the worst hypocrite bears with difficulty the secret burden of his hypocrisy, and of course when the thing is once over it is a great relief to a false prophet when he at last is exposed. Again has the "Saturday Review" deserved well of the republic. I am confuted by Trinculo and exposed from Aristophanes, and now the dear public may breathe quite easily, being freed from the imminent danger of being hoodwinked by my "grandiloquent absurdities." This on the faith of a Saturday Reviewer!

But lest I be rebuked for unbecoming irony, I hasten to come to the serious matter of my reply. Of course I listen with due awe (I in my turn) to the censure of a critic whose taste has advanced far beyond what are elegantly termed "the veriest 'chestnuts'" of Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, and the like. In a volume which aims to represent in historical sequence by means of its best examples the development of English Lyric Poetry

within a given period, obviously the important thing is to present as many as possible of the minor and unimportant writers, such as Cleveland, Cartwright, Randolph, Oldham, and Davenant. The "chestnuts" are supererogatory. At this day it is plain that there is room only for a treasury of minor British poets! As to the exclusion of Marvell and a few others from my anthology, I may be permitted to explain that this was due to their inclusion in other volumes of the Warwick Library, and it seemed best as far as possible to avoid duplicating selections in the same series. As to the inclusion of selections from the "Faerie Queene" and from Daniel's "Hymen's Triumph," that was due to my idea that the proper test of lyrical writing is quality and inspiration rather than so-called lyrical form,—a test somewhat "subtle" in practice, as I have had the temerity to say, and doubtless "vague" enough for those who desire and have faith in a certain rule-of-thumb in such matters. It is, however, perhaps no more subtle and vague than Matthew Arnold's test of "poetical touchstones" for poetry in general. My idea, you may permit me to add, unless this be too "pedantic" for the Attic ears of a Saturday Reviewer, is based on Poe's theory that every long poem is essentially a composite or sequence of shorter or lyrical poems. I regret that in further illustration of this conception of Lyrical Poetry I did not include also among my selections one of the magnificent lyrical hymns in the "Paradise Lost."

In a passage marked with exemplary amenity of manner your reviewer characterises my Introduction as "vague," "pompous," "pedantic," and the like. As to this it is of course not for me to judge. I have, however, the right to testify that I am not conscious of having offended in these ways, although I am well aware that the attempt to compress into short limits and compact form matter which might much more easily have been expressed with twice the number of words may very likely give the impression of an over-weighted and too-highly-generalised style, which, omitting the "by your leave" at every turn of phrase, as it necessarily does, can easily be called dogmatic and pedantic by a hostile critic. "Pretentiousness" is an ugly word, and this, I dare assert, is the height and depth of my pretension—unless indeed to entertain general notions, contrary to those of your critic, be in itself pretension.

I have, moreover, a right to object to the shallow and discredited practice of separating brief sentences from their context and holding them up to ridicule. I think there is scarcely a point in my Introduction which I have not long and carefully considered. Of course I cannot ask for space now to enter upon a full defence of the points touched by slur and innuendo in your review. But I should indeed have been pretentious had I no more to say for them than is presented in your broken excerpts, spitted by your reviewer's superficially magisterial comment. To show your reviewer's quality I may instance one or two points. My phrase describing lyric poetry as the outcome of "the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best minds," receives an absolutely puerile misinterpretation. (I assume that my critic recognises the phrase within inverted commas as originally a quotation.) As if "happiest" in such a connotation were confined to its literal and almost physical meaning! Again, it lies on the surface that the yearning for rest of Englishmen of the Jacobean age, as of the more modern romantic period, was precisely due to the spiritual restlessness and *Weltschmerz* of the times. A dozen citations from Byron could be given to confirm the allusion to him. Read the lines,—*"For the sword outwears the sheath,"* &c., and if you are gifted with a touch of feeling for the essential mood of a true lyric, you will understand what is meant. Again, if Donne really did found a "school" of poetry in any exact sense of the term, will your critic kindly name the poets of the "school of Donne" who are of any importance in the history of the English Lyric (with the possible exception of George Herbert), and who are not also either, on the one hand, of the school of Jonson, or, on the other hand, of the school of Spenser?

But I trust I have gone far enough to indicate the empty and more than pretentious methods of such pseudo-criticism.—Yours, &c., F. J. CARPENTER.

REVIEWS.

D'ANNUNZIO IN ENGLISH.

"The Triumph of Death." Translated from the Italian of Gabriele d'Annunzio by Georgina Harding. Heinemann.

MR. HEINEMANN has done an enterprising, an admirable and a courageous thing in publishing an English translation of d'Annunzio's "*Trionfo della Morte*." He has found, in Mrs. Harding, a translator who is at all events capable and sincere, not an artist in translation, but an honest artificer, better on the whole than most of his translators in the "International Library." But now I have come to the end of my praise.

The "*Trionfo della Morte*" is a study in the psychology of passion, a study of extraordinary truth, in which the enervating slavery of the senses is presented with a more subtle persistence than in any novel I have ever read. It is a book scarcely to be read without terror, so insinuatingly does it show the growth, change, and slowly absorbing dominion of the flesh over the flesh, of the flesh over the soul. "*Nec sine te nec tecum vivere possum*," the epigraph upon the French translation, expresses, if we add to it the "*Odi et amo*" of Catullus, that tragedy of desire unsatisfied in satisfaction, yet eternal in desire, which is perhaps the most profound tragedy in which the human soul can become entangled. "Antony and Cleopatra," "Tristan and Isolde": it might have seemed as if nothing new could be said on a subject which is the subject of those two supreme masterpieces. But d'Annunzio has said something new, for he has found a form of his own, in which it is not Antony who is "so ravished and enchanted of the sweet poison" of the love of Cleopatra, nor Tristan who "chooses to die that he might live in love," for the sake of Isolde, but two shadows, who are the shadows of whatever in humanity follows after the lure of earthly love. Here is a man and a woman, I can scarcely remember their Christian names, I am not even sure whether we are ever told their surnames, and in this man and woman I see myself, you, every one who has ever desired the infinity of emotion, the infinity of surrender, the infinity of possession. Just because they are so shadowy, because they may seem to be so unreal, they have another, nearer, more insidious kind of reality than that reality by which Tristan is so absolutely Tristan, Antony so absolutely Antony. These live in themselves with so intense a personal life that they are for ever outside us; but the lovers of the "*Trionfo della Morte*" might be our very selves, evoked in some clouded crystal, because they have only so much of humanity as to have the desires, and dangers, and possible ecstasies, and possible disasters, which are common to all lovers who have loved without limitation and without wisdom.

Here, then, is a book which, though it deals with matters of the senses, deals with them philosophically, not as the mere stuff for a story. There are some things which can be said more frankly in the tongue of Boccaccio than in the tongue even of Rabelais; and because, as an acute observer, himself both Italian and French, once said to me, a natural Frenchman would be an affected Italian. There are thus two or three words or sentences in this book which could scarcely be rendered into English. But what makes this book a serious work of art, what distinguishes it from other so-called "daring experiments" in various languages, is that there is a philosophy behind it, that it is written with ideas, that, not pretending to be a picture of more than a certain corner of life, it professes frankly to be the picture of that corner only, but of that corner in relation to the universe. Now, what I have to complain of in the English translation is that by its suppression of passages on the ground of morality it has done its utmost to make an immoral book of a book which is not immoral. Let me give an instance. On p. 361 of the original there is a long paragraph, taking up almost the whole of the page, in which the philosophic condemnation of lust, that, being essentially sterile, it is against the whole intention of nature, is defined with a seriousness which is almost solemnity. This passage comes in the midst of a scene of admirable, but certainly hazardous, invention; it supplies the moral of that scene, it gives it its significance in the story, it shows

the profound meaning of what might otherwise be a mere anecdote. This passage is omitted in the translation; the scene remains, but the moral has gone. Again, on p. 405 of the original, there is another long paragraph which I find I had marked in my copy as one of the significant things in the book. It is a passage of great subtlety on the psychical suggestibility of the two lovers, the point at which it began, the point at which it ended, the complications of its inter-action. This passage is omitted in the translation. Again the philosophical point of view vanishes. Again a suppression in the interests of morality tends to reduce a novel based on serious ideas to a novel of merely risky anecdote. Again d'Annunzio is reduced, intellectually, to the level of a popular English novelist with his story to tell, and not an idea behind his story.

I have not had the patience to go all through this translation, and note how often the savour has been taken out of its very substance; but I find little, niggling touches wherever I look, trying to smooth over something, and, often enough, not smoothing it over, as where a man who, in the Italian, betrays his emotion by speaking "*con una specie di furia*," in English speaks "*huskily*"; where "*con i terribili occhi del desiderio*" becomes "*with the eyes of his desire*." Again, if any one will compare p. 138 of the English with p. 214 of the Italian, he will see that the omission of a single sentence, the last sentence of chapter viii., suggests far more than that sentence reveals. And in passages where there can be no question of a suppression for the sake of morality, I find over and over again little, needless omissions. Then it is difficult to understand why a translator who evidently knows Italian so well should, on p. 241, print the very ordinary Italian word "*sapa*" as if it were impossible to translate; should, on p. 135, put "*Gesù Cristi*," which is not even Italian, for "*Jesus Christ*"; should, on p. 8, speak in the same sentence of "*the Palatino and the Vatican*"; should, on p. 187, translate "*la corruttrice*" by "*the Corruptrice*," which may be French, but is not English. Every translator, however faithful, appears at some moment or another to be possessed by the desire to improve his author. The improvement is rarely evident; though the change is often curiously so. Thus when I read, "*he saw the house deserted, desolate, silent, waiting for the last grim visitor—Death*," I felt quite sure that d'Annunzio, whatever he had written, had not written that. On turning to the original I found that he had written simply "*l'estrema visitatrice Morte*." Again I felt quite sure that d'Annunzio had not written anything about "*the pitiless glare of the sun*." And indeed he had not, but "*il quasi lugubre fulgore*," which is not merely a different thing, but, even more, a very different way of saying things. Again, it was with an actual shock that I read this sentence, which might be taken from a "*penny dreadful*": "*Anything more lugubrious than those peals of demented laughter ringing out into the solemn silence of the night would be impossible to imagine*." One does not even need to know Italian to recognise the difference between such a sentence as that and such a sentence as this:—"*E nulla era più lugubre di quelle risa folli in quel silenzio della notte alta*." As I have said, Mrs. Harding is not an artist in translation.

How this novel, with the suppressions and imperfections of its translation, yet with that translation's general level of readable, not ungraceful English, will impress English readers, it might be curious to speculate. Had it been translated quite adequately and in full, it could scarcely have failed to be, in various ways, a revelation. D'Annunzio is a man of wide culture, and this book is not without traces of English as well as of German influence; the influence of Shelley and of Pater, as well as the influence of Nietzsche and of Wagner. But it is the sort of book in which the English literature of the present day is very lacking, and which it is very good for Englishmen to be put in the way of reading. We have a surprising number of popular story-writers, some of them very entertaining, some of them with great ability of the narrative kind. Look only at the last year, and take only two books: Mr. Kipling's "*Captains Courageous*" and Mr. Conrad's "*Nigger of the 'Narcissus'*." In one of these what an

admirable mastery of a single bit of objective reality, of the adventure of a trade, of what is external in the figures who are active about it! In the other there is an almost endless description of the whole movement, noise, order, and distraction of a ship and a ship's company during a storm, which brings to one's memory a sense of every discomfort one has ever endured upon the sea. But what more is there? Where is the idea of which such things as these should be but servants? Ah, there has been an oversight; everything else is there, but that, these brilliant writers have forgotten to put in. Now d'Annunzio, whether you like his idea or not, never forgets to put it in. Also he never forgets that the aim of all art is beauty; beauty of whatever kind you like, but beauty. In the pursuit of this aim he has built up for himself a delicately proportioned and harmonious style, as elaborately beautiful as that of any contemporary prose. Prose of this kind is not easy to render into English, perfectly as it goes into French (in M. Hérèlle's excellent version), and I doubt very much if the English reader will realise from Mrs. Harding's translation how fine a stylist, how unflaggingly fine, d'Annunzio is. But how instructive to that reader to be made even vaguely aware, as he cannot but be made aware, that here is a novelist who writes prose as carefully as if he were writing poetry! Where is our novelist, except Mr. Meredith, who writes prose as if prose were an art in itself; as essential a part of the creative act to the prose-writer, as verse is essentially part of the creative act to the poet?

ARTHUR SYMONS.

THE WAR OF THE WORLDS.

"The War of the Worlds." By H. G. Wells. London: Heinemann.

AMONG the younger writers of romance, Mr. Wells takes a place which is wholly his own, and in which he is slowly rising into great and deserved prominence. We gather that he is not yet considered on 'Change to be a dangerous rival of those gods whom the Philistines worship in their millions. The growth of his reputation has been gradual, and he has not suffered from the most perilous form of apparent good luck, the extravagant and violent popularity of his earliest undertakings. In Mr. Wells the intellectual processes are foremost, not the emotional. He is occupied with conjunctions of ideas, he pursues odd impulses along unfamiliar mental channels. This is not the way to woo the great coarse public, which likes glowing emotions and a glare of false images to light up the conventional landscape of the mind. But to possess a new view of life and literature, to create its image with minute and assiduous care, and never to weary in well-doing, this is the way not merely to secure fame, but, as we confidently believe Mr. Wells will ultimately discover, fortune also.

In "The War of the Worlds" Mr. Wells has made an advance in one respect upon all his previous books. Hitherto, his plan has been to presume and insist upon a single impossible phenomenon, and to observe the action of that impossibility in disturbing the ordinary experience of life. Hence, his fancy has been always strained (like that of Mr. Stockton) to oblige us to accept his monstrous first proposition. He requires a man-eating cephalopod or a chemical product that produces invisibility or a machine that manufactures time, and he must have you believe that such a cuttlefish and such a powder and such a mechanical agency are possible. We know they are not, but we gulp that down; and we resign ourselves to Mr. Wells' fancy. He has to play to us with his plausible realism, and keep our credence afloat. He does it—he often does it splendidly—but the effort is there. We have the atlas in the corner of our eye, and we know that the world does not contain Dr. Moreau's island. There is always in these stories of the incredible—even when they are told with the sinister passion of Edgar Poe, who keeps nearer to possibility than Mr. Wells—an element of the fabulous. We are never, we can never be, wholly convinced.

But in "The War of the Worlds" he has had the astonishing good fortune to hit upon a subject as far removed from experience and as completely outside

common expectation as any which he has ever treated, and yet possible. No astronomer, no physicist, can take upon himself to declare that it is absolutely certain that this planet will never be invaded from a foreign world. The zoologist and the geographer can assert of other dreams of Mr. Wells that, interesting and curious as they are as speculations, they cannot have happened, and never will happen. But that no Martians will ever invade this globe is more than the wisest of us can be sure of. It seems excessively improbable—that is the most that we can say. We think this element of remote possibility adds very considerably to the thrilling effect of Mr. Wells' new romance, in which none of those sober and exact details are wanting with which he always knows how to heighten a tale of horror.

With remarkable refinement he opens by painting the quiet life of a sequestered astronomer, and of his friend, an almost as peaceful philosopher, in safe villageresidences at Woking. Through the astronomer's telescope these gentlemen perceive a disturbance in the edge of Mars. It seems quite unimportant; even their scientific curiosity is but faintly roused, and the world at large is not moved at all. Yet what is happening is no less than an unparalleled attempt to sap, once and for all, the dominant supremacy of Man. We must not spoil Mr. Wells' exciting story, which can scarcely be read without a sensation of physical terror, by retelling it; but we may, and yet not give away all his secrets, dwell on one or two points in his treatment of the fable. In any dream of the inhabitants of other worlds, we have hitherto given the reins to that facile anthropomorphism which comes to us all so naturally. When we think of Martians, our fancy creates them in our own image. But Mr. Wells very properly rejects that supposition. To him they are leathery sacks of brain, creatures in which all has been sacrificed to the intellect, until the physical frame has risen (or sunken) to the semblance of an octopus. It is not fair to describe by what means these pendulous and flaccid creatures prepare themselves for active warfare. Enough to say that to those who imagine that the invaders, so sluggish and amorphous, will soon fall victims to our poor shots and shells, there comes a terrible awakening. The mechanical ingenuity of the Martians is beyond all human conception, and immediately on their arrival they present themselves to the horrified inhabitants of Woking in guises singularly like those of the monsters which Æneas saw under the elm-tree in the courtyard of hell,—

"Scyllæque bifformes,

Et centumgeminus Briareus, ac bellua Lernæ

Horrendum stridens, flammisque armata Chimæra,

Gorgones, Harpyiæque, et forma tricornis umbræ,"

save that to the imagination of Virgil the possibility of sentient machinery empowered with the gifts of Chimæra and Briareus can never have occurred.

The unparalleled and unanticipated confusion which immediately follows upon the advances of the Martian monsters satisfactorily explains the episodic treatment which Mr. Wells gives to his narrative. The history is chronicled in fragments by the peripatetic philosopher south of London, and by his brother in the north. "The War of the Worlds" might be illustrated by maps, time charts, and statistical tables, and, without these, some chapters leave on the reader's memory a somewhat dim impression. This, however, is just what would happen in a sudden crisis, when all our methods of multiplying and transmitting information were suddenly wiped out of existence. We are, however, of opinion that this is one of those very few modern books which might with advantage have been extended. For instance, after the very spirited sea-battle off Clacton, when the torpedo-boat succeeds in destroying no fewer than three fighting machines, there comes a complete hiatus, as though Mr. Wells' imagination had at this point given out, and he could positively form not the least idea what would happen next. Nor can we; but then we make no pretence to private knowledge of this amazing history.

But, much later on, the artilleryman speaks of the inequality between the massacre of so many tens of thousands of human beings, and the killing of one solitary Martian. Are we to believe that he had not heard of the three which H.M.S. "Thunder Child"

blew up at Clacton, or were these three soused and scalded, but not killed? The fact is that even so active and original a fancy as that of Mr. Wells is unable to cope with the appalling vastness of the conquest of man by an octopus from another planet, a creature infinitely more intelligent, active and ingenious than he, with whom he is unable to communicate, and who, to add a tinge of horror, finds the flesh of man the most succulent and restorative of foods. There is nothing for a novelist to do but to relieve the world of this insufferable tyranny in as few days as possible, and by a means the simplicity and obviousness of which relieve the story of any strain of extravagant invention. The picture of the last Martian, in its bewildered agony, howling in the twilight from the summit of Primrose Hill over a silent and devastated London, is one of the most effective with which we have met for years. We shall long hear "Ulla! ulla!" echoing in our dreams.

We have done no justice to the vigour of the episodes in this extraordinary romance. Our readers must buy it and alarm themselves with it at leisure. Certain studies of human nature collapsing under the strain of apprehension and self-pity are admirably conducted—the curate, the artilleryman, the lady in the gig at Barnet. But the one touch of sentiment which mars the verisimilitude of the story, and leaves us vexed on the last page, is the discovery of the hero's wife at the end. He had forgotten her; she was certainly wiped out by the Heat-Ray, and to bring her to life again was unworthy of an artist of the austerity of Mr. Wells. We are afraid, moreover, that when this country is crushed beneath the tentacles of the Martians there will be neither marrying nor giving in marriage; and that those who have wives already will be as those who have none.

THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH.

"Thomas Gainsborough. A Record of his Life and Works." By Mrs. Arthur Bell (N. D'Anvers). With Illustrations reproduced for the most part from the original paintings. London: Bell.

THIS is the largest book yet made out of the meagre materials for a life of Gainsborough. No very important additions have been made to these materials since the publication of Fulcher's and Thicknesse's memoirs, often as they have been rehandled. Mrs. Bell's publishers are good enough to credit her with having collected "a vast amount of hitherto undigested material." We find rather, so far as the life is concerned, as in Brock-Arnold and Armstrong, the familiar anecdotes restrung, from "Tom Peartree" down to Gainsborough's dying words and Reynolds's discourse upon him. Each new biographer feels bound to try to wring a little more significance out of these familiar stories, to shake the head a little differently over the suspicion of loose living in Hayman, to furbish up once more the contrast between Gainsborough and Reynolds, to traverse or praise Mr. Ruskin's views. Mrs. Bell treads the familiar path with a somewhat dull foot. There remains, however, an obvious way of fattening the story, and that is to look up the lists of Gainsborough's exhibited works, and insert historical details and gossip about their subjects. By such means a thick volume is produced of matter not quite extraneous to the subject.

We should like to suggest to writers who take in hand the rehandling of an artist's life, with no great quantity of fresh material, that the proper way to set about it is not to paraphrase the sources till each anecdote is puffed out to disproportion, but to reprint the source with additional notes. It would be handy to have Fulcher and Thicknesse bound together, the additional anecdotal matter gleaned from memoirs, to follow, with critical notes, corrections and elucidations when necessary. One ought to see at a glance what has been added instead of having to wade through all these rehashes. Then should come a plain list of works with dates when possible, the name of the present owner of the pictures, and a short account of the subject. Such a book would require a good deal of time, devotion, and dull labour, but these are demanded if it is to claim serious consideration. A critical essay on the man's art is another matter, but that too, at this time of day, would require a very close and particular treatment to

be worth reading, since all the generalities have been said. The publishers add to the remark already cited that Mrs. Bell "has brought out in a way not perhaps hitherto done" (they mean "perhaps not") "the individuality of the many-sided subject of this memoir." Mrs. Bell very properly points out how simple and one-sided Gainsborough was in his life and art, but when she attempts to define we get unmeaning jingles like this: "a faithful realist, yet a genuine idealist; a true impressionist, yet a most careful worker." The volume is plentifully sprinkled with reproductions of Gainsborough's pictures, and this no doubt is its reason for being. Among the blocks we are glad to see several of his admirable studies; a full portfolio of these would be a useful book to put together.

GAME-BIRDS OF NORTH AMERICA.

"Game-birds of North America." By D. G. Elliot. London: Suckling.

IN her latest work, which, thanks to Sir Charles Dilke, has even found its way into political oratory, John Oliver Hobbes draws the distinction between the English sportsman and the gipsy, the latter, though a fine shot, aiming at bull's eyes (whatever they may be) rather than at birds. We do not for one moment regard this right-minded lady as here guilty of entering the lists against the much-flogged brutality of the "sportsman"; but we gladly grant the partial truth of her contrast. The average Englishman would most certainly rather hit birds than targets. In the first place, the living marks present more of difficulty; and secondly, the killer of birds, though his larder be well stocked, is but reverting, in the moment of his true enjoyment, to the more primitive habit of his pot-hunting forefathers who lived by the bow. Whether our exuberance bids us dance, leap or run, we mostly return at play-time to some early behaviour at variance with what is prescribed by modern custom, a reminiscence of the ages when the emotions entered more, and the wardrobe less, into our everyday life.

In his desire, then, to shoot birds, the Englishman has found it necessary to supplement the poverty of the British list with constant importation of those kinds which, known appropriately as "game-birds," are most suited to his sport. One only, the red grouse, is peculiar to these islands, and another, the capercaillie, became extinct with us some time in the last century. But the gorgeous pheasants of eastern Asia and the less desirable red-legged partridge of western Europe were acclimatised, and the capercaillie has since been re-introduced; and there are among us enthusiasts who dream that, with a little enterprise, our existing eight game-birds might well be trebled. The French are already on the same track; and they have quite recently succeeded in turning down the sporting red tinamou of South America. The game-birds of North America, more particularly the quails, grouse and wild turkeys, are an imposing list indeed, and, in his concise and agreeably written handbook, Mr. Elliot treats of close on fifty. His remarks are confined only to the gallinaceous birds, and do not therefore extend to the woodcock, which, to the sporting mind at any rate, is certainly included in the term "game." The Asiatic pheasant, too, a near relation of the indigenous wild turkeys and introduced not more, we believe, than fifteen years ago, also lies, save for a brief acknowledgment in the appendix, without the scope of the present work. Of each bird we are given the plumage, life-history and geographic distribution, together with much valuable information for the sportsman, especially on their manner when flushed, and on various ways of stalking them. As a further attraction to sporting readers, for whom clearly the book is largely intended, we would strongly counsel the addition of a second appendix to future editions, giving a summary of the game-laws. The author's accounts of the "Bob Whites" and sage grouse are particularly good; and his assurance that the scaled partridge has acquired wariness of man without the prefatory persecution that usually teaches such self-protection by escape throws, we venture to think, a new and valuable sidelight on the old question of whether man was first tempted to hunt the hare out of regard for its pace, or whether,

on the other hand, the hare has learnt to decamp rapidly and at short notice out of inherited regard for our dogs.

The unpretentious drawings that embellish this little book are, so far as concerns the main subject of each, almost uniformly good; the pity is that Mr. Sheppard's ambitions misled him in the direction of perspective and "natural" backgrounds, for these are almost uniformly bad. The colour chart in the back cover was a happy compromise between the hopeless expense of printing each bird in colour and the futility of description as aid to identification without some such guide.

CHEAP-JACK HERO-WORSHIP.

"Deeds that Won the Empire." By the Rev. W. H. Fitchett ("Vedette"). London: Smith, Elder.

MR. FITCHETT has come to the conclusion that we Britons do not think and write and talk enough about our glorious past. He has, therefore, made a courageous effort to "nourish" our "patriotism" by an attempt to renew "in popular memory the great traditions of the Imperial race to which we belong." The treasures of our history are, in his opinion, strangely neglected, and the State does not make its own annals a sufficient part of the education which is now its most anxious care. "There is real danger that for the average youth the great names of British story may become meaningless sounds, that his imagination will take no colour from the rich and deep tints of history." We must confess that we do not quite realise the serious shortcomings of the State in this respect; and after due study of Mr. Fitchett's volume, we are strongly of opinion that the State would reap little advantage by accepting his thinly veiled invitation to make the book a reader in Board schools. Mr. Fitchett says it is not his purpose to glorify war. That is only a becoming *dementi* on the part of a clergyman. If, however, the glorification of war is not part of his purpose, it is the end which his work will tend to promote, as indeed he admits by the mere act of denial. If this volume had been permitted to appear under the author's *nom-de-guerre*, "Vedette," we should have imagined that he was a young military or naval enthusiast, finding relief, after a too sedulous study of historic battles, in the gush to which the amateur is prone. Had Mr. Fitchett written only one of these essays, it would have been possible to say a friendly word of its glowing periods and vigorous word-painting. But when he elects to cover some 330 pages with the description of some twenty different battles, we soon begin to understand that he is an unmitigated hero-worshipper and a cheap-jack of the battle-field. He takes an incident, shows it round to an admiring mob, and says in effect: "Now, ladies and gentlemen, members of the Great British Public, here we have the most original, daring, the most dramatic, amazing, the most magnificent example of patriotic endeavour recorded in the world's history! What offers?" Mr. Fitchett is not content to let a great incident stand alone for what it is worth. He labels it and proclaims it *ad nauseam*. If he were a painter instead of a writer, he would, we imagine, put the names of colours used under each, in order that blue should not be mistaken for red, or yellow for purple.

Mr. Fitchett riots in superlatives, and seems to have selected half-a-dozen luckless adjectives to do duty throughout the text. "No more daring deed was ever done at sea," "it would be difficult to find in the whole history of war a more thrilling and heroic chapter," "the story forms one of the most tragical and splendid incidents in the military history of the world," "it may be doubted whether a more perfect fighting instrument than the force under his orders ever existed," "the story is one of the most picturesque and exciting in the naval annals of Great Britain," "never before was victory so complete or so nearly bloodless," "the scene was one of the fiercest and most dramatic sieges in military history," "one of the most dramatic sea-chases known to history"—this sort of thing persisted in throughout 300 pages is calculated not merely to pall on the reader, but to land the writer himself in confusion as to the rights of primiership among his heroes. Where every incident is the most dramatic, and every hero the most daring, which shall

stand first? On p. 3, in an account of "the fighting off Cape St. Vincent" in 1797, we are told that "never perhaps was the naval supremacy of England challenged so boldly;" this, too, after a recent reference to the Spanish Armada! On p. 38 we are assured that "the great Lord Hawke," by defeating Conflans under remarkable conditions, saved England from invasion in 1759; and on p. 293, dealing with Trafalgar, our superlative "Vedette" asks: "When since the days of William the Conqueror were the shores of Great Britain menaced by such a peril?" Clearly by the end of the book, Mr. Fitchett has forgotten the Armada, Cape St. Vincent, and Quiberon. Albuera he calls "the fiercest, bloodiest, and most amazing fight in the mighty drama of the Peninsular War;" eighty pages later he writes of the battle of St. Pierre, under the title of "The Bloodiest Fight in the Peninsula;" in the text he says it was "almost as bloody as Albuera." Mr. Fitchett is so pleased with some of his anecdotes that he gives them twice; he has an unavowed regard for the swearing capacity of British soldiers and sailors; at any rate, he refers to it again and again, and the Wellington chapters are well marked with —s. He apparently belongs to the order of sporting clerics; and when describing a fight between a big ship and a little one, likens it to a contest between Tom Sayers and Heenan. His favourite method when describing the excitement of conflict is to declare that the troops were "drunk with battle-fury," or "drunk with warlike excitement." He seems to have been similarly intoxicated by his studies of famous battles. His book is misnamed; the majority of the deeds he describes did not "win," though they may have saved the Empire; in a work with such a title the omission of any mention of Clive, whose seizure and defence of Arcot was one of the turning-points in our imperial history, is unaccountable. We object to the book, too, because it tends chiefly to the exaltation of mere might and physical prowess. It is calculated to inculcate a fatal confidence in the superiority and invincibility of the British fighting man, and youngsters educated on the Rev. W. H. Fitchett's ideas would generate a cocksure school of intolerable jingoes. We yield to none in our patriotism or our admiration of the great deeds done by our forebears, but history written for British youth on the lines adopted by the Americans for the advancement of American patriotism, is to be deprecated.

WITH THE CONQUERING TURK.

"With the Conquering Turk." By G. W. Stevens. London: Blackwood.

THE war correspondent sometimes prevents himself from becoming too great by tumbling his sympathetic pen, his ardent vocabulary, his consequent book, all into the basket of the army which he accompanies. Usually it matters little enough to anybody. As soon as the writer begins to pound the pulpit his readers flee in every direction, and they only return after an interval, when they furtively gather at a point somewhere near the end of the book to see if they can find out what has really happened. An honest man objects to being harangued, and he defends himself with his heels.

Mr. Stevens pays many eloquent tributes to the chastity, benevolence, piety, industry, wisdom, mercy, charity, integrity and beauty—the beauty, integrity, charity, mercy, wisdom, industry, piety, benevolence and chastity of the Turks. And if usually this kind of thing does not matter to anybody, in this case it is of consequence. These long extracts from a catalogue of garden-seeds are set into the middle of an extraordinary bit of literary work, a book of reporting that comes almost to be a novel. The point is not one of fact; it is one of art. The extracts may have been taken from a perfectly good catalogue of garden-seeds, but they place Mr. Stevens in the light of a partisan, a man with an axe, and the world needs more spectators and less partisans for work of this kind.

There is no attempt at propaganda in Mr. Stevens' description of the handling of the Turkish troops. They stand high in lucidity. They read in somewhat this fashion: "The long black centipedes are crawling

across the plain. Really, to be accurate, I don't know what the dickens it is all about, but I understand on the best authority that the army is now manœuvring. In fact, I feel justified in announcing to the readers of the 'Daily Mail' that the army is now manœuvring. Edhem Pasha has given me his personal word for it."

Throughout the book there is a singular reiteration of tinned sausages. It makes one quite hungry. However, little need be said of the matter, because Mr. Steevens, in his latest work, is, we are glad to note, devoting himself more to pyjamas. And yet what would you? Mr. Steevens can cry tinned sausages and pyjamas until he has deafened us, but we will contend nevertheless that his book is one of the best of its kind.

NEW LETTERS OF NAPOLEON.

"New Letters of Napoleon I. omitted from the edition published under the auspices of Napoleon III." From the French by Lady Mary Leyd. London: Heinemann.

WHATEVER Napoleon I. wrote or said has a necessary and enduring interest; yet these new letters may be read with some disappointment. Here and there they throw a light upon his policy and still more upon his personal relations; but on the whole we find in them little to enlarge our views of the man. We already knew that he was the most enterprising of mankind, of inexhaustible industry and resource, masterful and unscrupulous, and no fresh material can do more than illustrate and emphasise these qualities. Indeed, letters that were suppressed by those who desired to make the best of Napoleon I. must, when brought together in one volume, do him some injustice. Amiable or impressive traits they rarely present, whilst it is possible to construct from them an almost complete model of his character and conduct in its evil aspect towards his family, his ministers, his generals, his enemies, his subjects, and his victims.

In relation to his own family Napoleon was a "sport." Yet strong family feeling, and the traditional view of what it is right to do for one's kin, led him to do what seemed best for his own brothers and sisters: that is to say, he set them upon eminences where they were most ridiculous to others and incommensurable to himself. Lucien, the only brother of real ability and character, alone proved to be unplaceable; and, of course, with greater ability and independence, they might all have been still greater nuisances. His first difficulty was with their love affairs. The Bonapartes were inclined to marry not indeed beneath their birth, but beneath their fate. Napoleon himself set the example. How could the others foresee their undeserved promotion? On 22 April, 1805, we find him writing to Madame Mère:—

"Mons. Jerome Buonaparte has arrived at Lisbon with the woman with whom he lives. I have ordered this prodigal son to proceed to Milan, passing through Perpignan, Toulouse, Grenoble, and Turin. I have informed him that if he diverged from that route he would be arrested. Miss Patterson, who lives with him, has taken the precaution of bringing her brother with her. I have given orders that she is to be sent back to America. . . . I shall treat this young man severely if he shows himself unworthy of the name he bears during the only interview I shall grant him, and if he persists in carrying on his *liaison*." Thus the Emperor of eleven months' standing describes a marriage that had been celebrated with every sanction civil and religious. The Baltimore girl was at least as good as his own creole. Jerome yielded, got another wife to his brother's taste, and two years later became King of Westphalia.

Lucien had married a certain Mme. Jouberton, and stuck to her with "unexampled selfishness, which carried him far from the path of duty and honour" (p. 25). Writing to Joseph on 20 December, 1807, Napoleon says:—

"I saw Lucien at Mantua. I had several hours' conversation with him. . . . His thoughts and speech are both so far removed from mine, that I can hardly understand what he wanted. . . . I must tell you, however, that I am prepared to restore his rights as a French prince, and recognise all his daughters as my

nieces. Only he must begin by annulling his marriage with Mme. Jouberton; either by divorcing her, or in any other way. . . . Once Lucien has divorced Mme. Jouberton, and has been raised to a great position at Naples or elsewhere, if he chooses to recall her and live with her, not as with a princess who is his wife, but in any intimacy he chooses, I shall make no difficulty, for the political aspect is all I care for. Apart from that, I have no desire to run counter to his tastes and passions."

Surely here is toleration and delicacy of sentiment!

Further difficulties accrued from his brothers' incompetence. It was easier to crown them than to make them behave with dignity and discretion. Jerome's extravagance, disobedience and impertinence are the subject of perpetual complaint in these letters. This is the way to bring a younger brother to reason:—

To Jerome, King of Westphalia, 16 July, 1808: "You owe two millions to the Sinking Fund. You have allowed your bills to be dishonoured. That is not like a man of honour. I never allow any one to forget what is due to me. Sell your plate and diamonds. Cease indulging in foolish extravagance, which makes you the laughing-stock of Europe, and will end by rousing the indignation of your subjects. Sell your furniture, your horses and your jewels, and pay your debts."

To the same, 17 July, 1809: ". . . You have a great deal of pretension, a certain amount of wit, and some good qualities—all ruined by your conceit. You are extremely presumptuous, and you have no knowledge whatever."

Louis, made King of Holland in 1806, was less frivolous, but more unmanageable. He cherished the notion that he was an independent sovereign. But Napoleon corrects this delusion by remarking that independence is not a question of right, but of fact. On 21 Sept., 1809, he writes to him in disgust: "What can I say to you? That which I have told you a hundred times already. You are no King, and you do not know how to be a King!" In short, Louis had to go; and Holland was incorporated with France.

His elder brother, Joseph, King of Naples, and afterwards of Spain, he does not scold to his face; but after the battle of Vittoria, Napoleon orders him to be interned in a quiet spot and to see nobody, and writes thus to Cambacérès, 20 July, 1813:—

"The whole fault is his. The English report shows clearly how incapably the army was led. There never was anything like it in the world before. The King is not, of course, a soldier, but he is responsible for his own immorality, and the greatest immorality that can be committed is, to exercise a profession of which you know nothing. If there was one man lacking to that army, that man was a general, and if there was one man too many in the ranks, that man was the King."

But he always had a soft place in his heart for Joseph (he did not even make him divorce his wife), and the same day he writes to Savary: "When I look at it closely, I cannot help seeing that the fault is mine. If, as it occurred to me to do, just as I was leaving Paris, I had sent the Duke of Dalmatia back to Valladolid, to take up the command, this would not have happened."

We need not look very closely to see that the fault of failure was always his own; because he undertook tasks so vast that it was necessary to employ many subordinates, and so difficult that they could only be carried out by men "with a spirit and judgment equal or superior" to the taskmaster's. From a consciousness of this he was always watching and interfering, and thereby he hampered and disconcerted them. As the part of Providence seemed not above his capacity, so the meanest things were not beneath his attention.

He instructs Fouché in the art of police:—

"27 January, 1809. You do not keep proper order in Paris, and you leave evil-disposed people free to put about all sorts of rumours. Have an eye on the conversations in the establishment of a certain Citroni, an eating-house keeper on the Place de Palais de Justice, and at the Café de Foy. . . . Why have you not men to deny [rumours] and point out their absurdity? This method should go hand-in-hand with the arrest of the disseminators." He controls the Press and suggests caricatures. To ridicule the English way of forming

coalitions against him, he writes on 30 May, 1805, "Have caricatures made: An Englishman, purse in hand, entreating the various Powers to take his money, &c." He regulates the opera and ballet (p. 171), assesses the salaries of actors (p. 314), and gives his ministers lessons in style:—

"To the Minister for Foreign Affairs. 17 January, 1810. I send you back your report about Rome. It strikes me as being weak, and contains some doubtful assertions. . . . The style is not sufficiently business-like; what I want is hard reasoning, not picturesqueness. I will ask you, therefore, to remodel this report, and return it to me. Generally speaking, the report has no divisions or plan, and leaves no impression on the mind after it has been read."

Still he knew how to praise, and sometimes left scope for personal responsibility. Witness the following letter to the governess to the King of Rome, his son by Marie Louise, aged two-and-a-half years:—

"14 August, 1813. I have your letter and the King's of the 9th. I think the King makes very good rhymes, and, more especially, that the rhymes express very good feelings. I will leave it to the Empress to provide the King with toys."

Such was Napoleon's conception of the "indistinguished space of woman's will."

But as every master should be consulted upon his own subject, we may hope to derive most instruction from Napoleon on the art of war. We find that lying, treachery, robbery, and cruelty are important branches of it. Spread false reports; for "the art of war consists in exaggerating one's own strength, and understating that of the enemy" (p. 163). If you lose a battle, say you won it. On 20 August, 1809, twenty-three days after Talevera, he gives orders to tell Metternich that "in Spain, General Wellesley, with 30,000 English, has been thoroughly beaten, about three days' journey from Madrid, and that, as a consequence, the English will be driven into the sea." Treachery may save bloodshed, which "is repugnant to the noble heart of the Emperor Napoleon, and to the character of the French people" (p. 54). Hence, on 28 October, 1807, directions are sent through the Minister of War to Junot that, if the Portuguese Government is willing to submit, he "may contrive to get to Lisbon as an auxiliary. The date of his arrival will be calculated here to a couple of days, and twenty-four hours later a courier will be sent to inform him that the Portuguese terms have not been accepted, and that he is to treat the country as that of an enemy. Eight or ten ships of war and those dockyards would be an immense advantage to us. All General Junot's discourse, then, must be directed to the execution of this great plan. . . . He may say anything he pleases so long as he gets hold of the Portuguese fleet. In no case is he to sign any convention with the Portuguese."

Robbery fills the military chest. He therefore writes on 23 May, 1808, to Murat, Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom of Spain, in these terms:—"In Spain's present position she needs money. . . Pawn the Crown diamonds. . . This is quite a natural proceeding; they will be redeemed later. . . The Crown has a great number of sheep, which might be turned into money. In present circumstances it will be quite correct that all stocks, interest on the Sinking Fund, or on charitable funds, should wait, and everything should be given to the War and Naval Departments." Cruelty is such a good thing that we need give no reason for it. "6 March, 1809. Twelve thousand prisoners have arrived from Saragossa. They are dying at the rate of 300 to 400 a day; thus we calculate that not more than 6000 will reach France. . . . You will send 4000 of them to Niort, where they will be employed in draining the neighbouring marshes. . . . You will order a system of severity. . . . 14 March, 1809. Palafox will be taken as a criminal to Vincennes, and kept there in secret confinement, so that no one may know where he is." "12 September, 1811. Have the wife of Gallet, the pilot, who is in the English service, arrested, and have that sailor written to that, unless he comes back to France, or proceeds to some neutral country, she and her children will be put in prison, into a dark cell, on bread and water. Extend this measure to the wives and children of all pilots in the English service."

In showing mercy an Emperor may still indulge his malice, thus:—"25 July, 1811.—I have received the sentences passed on Cifenti and Sassi della Tosa. You will have the first-named—a rascally spy—executed. I will permit the commutation of Sassi della Tosa's sentence; but you will have him taken to the place of execution, and after Cifenti has suffered, just as Sassi della Tosa is about to mount the scaffold, you will cause the page bearing the reprieve to make his appearance. But I intend Sassi shall have the full example of the punishment of his crime before his eyes."

One branch of the art of war is the art of pacifying a conquered country. It consists chiefly in deporting the troops and adding them to your own army (p. 66), "getting rid of the prominent men, and punishing the smallest faults with severity" (p. 66). Have a town "thoroughly sacked" (p. 36). "Send a brigade with cannon and burn the town to the ground" (p. 81). Strike terror; and do not overlook trifles: "If it is true that two Saxon women ventured to make a scene in the theatre at Aix-la-Chapelle, have them arrested and taken to prison, where they are to remain for three months" (p. 144). There are no letters from Elba in this volume. The island is only mentioned by him (such is the irony of History) as a suitable place of banishment for cantankerous priests (see pp. 224 and 308). The letters from the "Hundred Days" are comparatively uninteresting. On the 23rd May we find him claiming arrears of income, on behalf his family, to the amount of 3,965,955 francs 93 centimes; and for himself 8,680,622 francs 25 centimes. The centimes illustrate the precision of his justice and of his mathematics. The exchequer being empty, National Forests were to be sold. The last letter in the volume is to King Joseph, in which we find him trying for a moment to deceive himself,—

"19 June, 1815. All is not lost. I suppose that by collecting all my forces, I shall still have 150,000 men. The federated troops and the best of the National Guard will furnish me 100,000; and the dépôt battalions 50,000 more. Thus I shall have 300,000 soldiers, with whom I can at once oppose the enemy. I will horse my artillery with carriage-horses. I will raise 100,000 conscripts. I will arm them with muskets taken from the Royalists and from the ill-disposed members of the National Guard. I will raise the whole of Dauphiné, the Lyonnais, and Burgundy: I will overwhelm the enemy," &c. Pity the hysterics of a demi-god who sees his occupation gone. The melodramatist will never forgive him for not having died at the head of the Old Guard. But the nature of things has a different sense of what is fit; first lets him write this foolish letter, then recover his dignity for a time, then recede into obscurity to linger out a distressful anticlimax. This is an extraordinary Nemesis, worthy of so extraordinary a man. Napoleon is the type of the energetic temperament; perhaps the excess of every temperament is a disease. His activity was diabolical, and to exercise it at the expense of mankind became an end in itself, for the sake of which (as we have seen) he shrank from no iniquity. Pessimists have declared this to be the worst of possible worlds, on the ground that any increase of evil could not be endured at all; and much the same might be said of Napoleon's policy. Hence moralists have sometimes refused him the title of "Great"—by a confusion of ideas. "Great," at least when applied to such men as Napoleon, means influential, and has no necessary connexion with any point of virtue. Before closing this review we must say that the translation of Lady Mary Leyd is an excellent one.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS OF DEVON.

"Highways and Byways in Devon and Cornwall." By Arthur H. Norway. London: Macmillan.

"The North Coast of Cornwall." By J. L. W. Page. Illustrated. London: Simpkin.

THOSE who are familiar with the physical eccentricities of the magic land that lies west of Lyme and south of the Bristol Channel—threshold of the thundering Atlantic and last refuge of giants and pixies and other relics of vanished faiths and races—may marvel not a little at the selection of the too

popular bicycle as the key to its hidden beauties. For ourselves, we have preferred to study its scenery from the gently rolling deck of a coasting lugger, for the specific characters of Devon and Cornwall lie in those walls of granite that hurl back the ocean rollers, in the thousand bays and creeks studded in fair weather with red-sailed craft, with corks of hidden traps and flocks of web-footed fowl that paddle leisurely after the food that is there in plenty. Anon comes a change: luggers and crab-pots are hauled up in the little quay; and the noisy fowl have flown inland to dispute wireworms with the choughs and crows, leaving the deserted foreshore to the elements at their fiercest. Those, again, to whom the beauties of life on the restless western sea are caviare may prefer one of the sturdy little horses bred in the country; and on one of these sure-footed beasts we have ambled at sober pace even into Fowey, which picturesque and historic port is entered from the west by a winding track with loose stones and ambitions that make for the perpendicular.

Mr. Norway, however, has preferred the bicycle; and it is not surprising that, having made so extraordinary a selection, he should find much leisurely occasion, while following his machine up one-in-three gradients, warmed by a summer sun, to look about him and note in detail the towns and country mansions that lie in his itinerary. Let it not, however, be supposed that the book is nothing more than one of the many cyclists' guide-books that pour daily from the press. On the contrary, were we disposed to find any serious fault with his chronicle, it would be that it gives next to no hints of value to the wheeling world, and little account of the varied scenery, the decaying mining and other industries, or the wealth of animal life of his delightful country. The author's theme is clearly history, not topography; he tells us far more of the west countrymen that are dead than of the land that is to-day the home of such of their descendants as are not gone into exile.

As a contribution to local history, Mr. Norway's book is deserving of highest praise. "This feeling of reality in past ages," he says, "is the chief thing worth having in local history; and if a man cannot produce it, he would do well to leave the work alone." This criticism of the majority of existing county histories is, be it said, nowise offered as prefatory to his own work; but he has nevertheless acted on it so faithfully that we find ourselves carried back through the ages in which the men of Cornwall and Devon buried the hatchet, and made common cause against the oppressor, for it was ever among the moors and quarries that tyranny, whether of King, Church, or Parliament, most frequently met its match. The sacred love of liberty more than often, it is not to be denied, found expression in bloodthirsty deeds of smuggling and piracy—"Ah, merry, lawless days! what Cornishman can in his heart condemn them?"—that need much whitewashing to commend them to the well-regulated mind; but as much might be said of the men of Kent, who, like the Cornishmen, have played no unimportant part in the making of England.

Some few, misled by the title, may complain that Mr. Norway's book smacks over strongly of the library, and that, with the merest scraping of local detail, it might have been compiled in the reading-room of the British Museum. To those, however, who know something of his native duchy, it is more, much more, than a mere compilation, for it is the work of a Cornishman who, like Jonathan Couch, knows and loves the land and its people. The devotion of its sons to that ancient corner of Britain verges on the marvellous, and nowhere is it more apparent than when contrasted with their hatred of some new home that, in place of enforced idleness and unavoidable debt, offers them high wages and a fine climate. We have conversed with St. Ives men in the shadow of Mount Morgan and elsewhere in the burning bush, and the loyalty to the old home, where the mining industry is all but dead, remained unshaken. Those who desire, then, to learn much of the manners, life and superstitions of Devon and Cornish folk, and of their share in the Great Rebellion and other historic crises, will find Mr. Norway's delightful book greatly to their taste. If his Cornish enthusiasm enables him, in his few allusions to tourist life, to pass

lightly over the blemishes—the all-pervading, fish-like smell, shocking roads, and long spells of bad weather—it does not at least blind him to the foibles of his countrymen, nor does it prompt him to speak slightly of Devon. This last will speak highly of his impartiality as historian to all who know the universal Cornish suspicion of "foreigners," the mistrust of Devon—did she not steal their clotted cream and pass it off as her own!—and even the internal jealousies between village and village.

His brightly-written book may even help swell the roll of next year's westering tourists, a result that would be largely due to some of the charming little sketches that enliven the text. We are privileged to reserve our opinion as to whether the passing visits of the men of cities—of those items of the community in particular which, the delight of the minor novelist, are, for some reason or other, known as "artists"—are to the sleepy duchy an unmixed blessing.

Another book, in which history and ancient tradition is, though to a lesser degree, given priority, deals exclusively with the north coast which, in spite of the genial influence of the Gulf Stream, is at all seasons more bracing, more breezy and generally wilder than the most historic seaboard washed by the Channel. Mr. Page evidently knows his subject, and his anecdotes of famous wrecks, of life on the lighthouses and of saints and smugglers, his notes on Cornish cookery, scenery, industries and what not furnish entertaining reading. The author grows a little tedious in his constant lamentations against the tourist, and those who cater for his vulgar amusements; he seems to forget that the publication of eulogies of the scenery and climate of the duchy is not the sincere practice of what he would appear to preach. The sordid advertisements posted on the face of the cliff, as well as the local announcement of an hostelry on sacred ground at Tintagel, are, after all, attractive only to those who already know the spots that Mr. Page would wish to shield from desecration. His book may add to their numbers and help spoil the few retreats that yet remain.

ROME THE MIDDLE OF THE WORLD.

"Rome the Middle of the World." By Alice Gardner, Historical Lecturer of Newnham College, Cambridge. Arnold. 1897.

UNLIKE her two distinguished brothers, the Lincoln Professor at Oxford and the Yates Professor at University College, London, the third of this archaeological triumvirate has turned away from the fascinations of Greek sculpture and devoted her service to the more masculine attractions of Rome. Miss Gardner's book on the Emperor Julian reconciled many readers to a singularly interesting personality, of which they had previously heard little beyond the opprobrium of "apostasy." In her present volume she addresses a younger audience, but in treating of a much wider subject she displays the same grasp and scholarship. The modern historical school may regard her attempt to bring home to young people the salient epochs of Roman history in a series of sketches of great Roman characters, as a retrograde movement in teaching—a reversion to the old device of making history interesting by dwelling on its heroes, instead of keeping the mind severely fixed upon growths and tendencies. But we fancy Miss Gardner knows what youthful patience and attention are, and her method of appealing to the imagination by a series of strongly lined pictures will probably do more to make Roman history a living thing to children than serried dates and a philosophical argument of causes and effects. Not that she is unphilosophical. "For young learners of history," she says, "I believe it to be far the wiser plan to acquire first a strong impression, and an accurate knowledge of a few luminous patches in history, and to fill up gradually the duller spaces between, as time goes on. A few dates should be so fixed in the memory that they will remain there always and afford, so to speak, large beads by help of which the length and the position of the intermediate parts of the chain may easily be reckoned."

Both the theory and the simile are excellent—only in dealing with Rome we should substitute a rosary for

the chain. The difficulty, of course, lies in the selection and the bigness of the beads. On this different teachers will hold different opinions, but for our own part we think Miss Gardner's rosary very well distributed. Augustus, Nero, Trajan and Hadrian, the Severi, Constantine, Alaric and Attila, Theodoric and Justinian, Gregory the Great, Charlemagne, Hildebrand, Rienzi, Leo X, pass before us in a row of rapid, vigorous sketches, where the man is depicted in his surroundings and made to show us the Roman world of his time. Of course there are big gaps, sometimes a needlessly yawning chasm, and it is not always easy to catch up the thread where we dropped it. But this is inevitable when it is sought to pick out in 260 pages the "luminous patches"—we are glad to have a varied rendering of our familiar friends the *purpurei panni*—of a history stretching over fifteen centuries. Here and there a sentence would bridge over the gulf. For example, we are told on page 178 that "for some years after the time of Charles the Great," i.e., after 800, the Popes were not very strong. On the following page we learn that "so it came to pass when men who had been at Clugny, or held Clugny ideas, were made Popes" they became reformers, like Hildebrand. But Clugny monastery was not founded till 910, and some brief account of the early origin of Benedictine monasticism ought surely to find a place. As it is we are plumped among the Cluniacs in a very abrupt manner. The book might be improved here and elsewhere by a few connecting paragraphs.

As a rule Miss Gardner writes clearly and simply, remembering the limitations of her youthful audience. When she comes to constitutional matters, indeed, we can hardly expect her altogether to avoid talking over their heads, as when she tells them of Diocletian's "ideas of divided administration and of making all the officers of state nominees of the Emperor, and forming what we call a bureaucratic government." But there is one conspicuous fault which might easily be avoided. Miss Gardner is constantly referring to historical characters in an allusive way, without giving their names. For example, we read of "one man, half-Goth, half-Sweve," who acted as Emperor-maker, and we are quite sure children would rather know that he was called (by Gibbon) Ricimer. So Irene remains anonymous as "a wicked Greek woman" who blinded her son; Heraclius is adumbrated as "an Emperor of real ability and courage"; Honorius is mistily "one of the usurpers—a really able man." It would be much more satisfactory to have their names, and that of the "long-winded secretary" of Theodoric, and we believe names are important "beads" in the chain of a child's memory. The same vagueness is seen in the description of Nero's "death of a coward": why not say suicide? And whilst agreeing with Miss Gardner that peppering a book of this kind with dates would be a mistake, we must say we find her too sparing in her chronology. "At this time" and similar phrases require some not very distant fixed point to refer to, and the plan of placing the period roughly in the headlines of the pages would be a decided improvement. We should also like a fuller table of events, a genealogical table of the relationships of the early Cæsars, more maps, and, beyond all question, an index. With these additions, Miss Gardner's clear and instructive sketch of Rome as "the Middle of the World" at varied intervals in its history may be confidently recommended to those for whom it was written, and older people too, as at once interesting and accurate.

HOW TO TEACH HISTORY.

"Diocesan Histories." (1) "Lincoln," by the late Canon Venables and Archdeacon Perry. (2) "Rochester," by the Rev. A. I. Pearman. London: S.P.C.K.

OF reading, writing and arithmetic the first has certainly the greatest value in education, and is the surest measure of intelligent teaching and assured learning. A man who can really read is trained not only in eye, ear, voice and mind, but also in imagination and feeling, which last qualities are mostly to seek in our modern scholars. It must be a perpetual worry to conscientious pedagogues to feel that it is extremely

difficult to fill this dreadful lacuna. We therefore venture to suggest that this may be done by an intelligent study of history, not because history is in itself a rather educational exercise, but because it is capable of such infinite sub-division that it can be whittled down to the capacity of the almost witless, and yet it branches off and naturally leads the mind by gentle approaches into almost any other regions of learning, even the most recondite. Unfortunately history in schools is fruitless, for two reasons. It is too dry: it is not dry enough. The small English history manual, which is really a mere bundle of dates and desiccation, always falsely pretends to be interesting, and by this pretence merely prolongs the initial agony of the scholar. The stupid alphabetical, multiplication-table sort of dry initial grind is necessary in history, as in everything else, no doubt. But let it be reduced to a minimum. Let a bare thin skeleton of dates and apophthegms be applied to the wriggling boy. Let this be whipped or coaxed into him with inexorable severity; and it can easily be done in half a term: and then let him go at once to real history, to detailed history, to history as local as you can get it. In some happy instances the town or village has been fortunate enough to secure a good local historian of an unavaricious and cheaply publishing nature, but these are rare. As a general rule, the best local limit will be the diocese, and we therefore strongly recommend the production and consumption of small diocesan histories, as the very best means possible for promoting an intelligent interest in the world near about us. Such study may some day, at last, culminate even in good reading. From this point of view, the story of Lincoln is not quite a success. It is written too much for the clergy. It lacks some forceful simplicity of style, and it has an irritating habit of leaving out all the colour. For instance, in describing Little Gidding, we are told that Mr. Ferrar's Harmony book was presented to Charles I., but why not add that "young Nich. Ferrar bound it in purple velvet, most richly gilt"? So about Hugh of Avalon: it lets in a flood of light on both man and master to know that the bishop replied to King John's professions of piety: "I hope you mean what you say. You know I loathe lying." Yet this is left out. But with all its imperfections, this book would give more suck to the intelligent boy than he will ever get out of Bright's History of England, or Freeman's, or, indeed, out of any such writers. The History of Rochester is fuller, simpler, and addressed more to the laity. In fact, there is no possible reason, except their own stupidity, why the School Board should not order its immediate use in all their schools on the Surrey side as a text-book for higher standards. It is accurate and interesting. It naturally leaves out too much. William of Ockham and Thomas Cromwell of Putney and Dr. Henry Hammond of Chertsey might have appeared a little more in the front: but on the whole this is the best of a useful set of handbooks and the most readable.

THE FREE LIBRARY MOVEMENT.

"The Free Library." By John J. Ogle. London: George Allen.

WE take the liberty of anticipating for the "Library Series," inaugurated with the volume before us, a relatively small circulation. Dr. Garnett, who is the general editor, gives us to understand that the series has been undertaken in deference to "what appears to be" a growing popular interest in books and everything pertaining to them. We are not altogether convinced on this point. The only people who are likely to take any particular interest in these books about the homes of books are the librarians themselves. They may be "fit" enough, but they make up an audience that is few. This remark will apply especially to the second and third volumes, the subject-matter of which—construction, fittings, and administration—must involve a discussion of technical details of very limited interest. Still, that is the affair of the publisher and the various writers. Mr. Ogle, who traces the progress of the free library movement, has been entrusted with the least unattractive aspect of the whole library question (if we except, perhaps, the side concerned with the prices of books, which Mr. H. B. Wheatley is

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discussing) and he has fulfilled his task with a satisfaction that is the outcome of a hearty enthusiasm united to a solid knowledge of the whole subject. He has little, perhaps, that is quite new to say about the history of free libraries, but he brings out more prominently than usual the part taken by such early pioneers as Edwards and Ewart; he gives some amusing instances of the opposition which the movement encountered in its earlier days; and he furnishes information of the character of all the free libraries of any consequence in the country, which cannot fail to be of value to all who are concerned with the subject. He insists upon the national importance of this institution, and shows us something of the variety of its manifestations, the limitation of its resources, and the devoted service and generosity it has called forth. Having regard to the well-nigh universal recognition, at the present day, of the importance of free libraries as, in spite of all shortcomings, a powerful educative force, it is instructive to note the opposition of not a few highly intelligent people to Ewart's Act of 1850. Mr. Bernal-Osborne was of the opinion that a free library "might soon degenerate into a mere political club;" another member feared the Bill would tend to "make the poorer inhabitants of boroughs pay extensively for the enjoyments of those who were better off than themselves;" while the late Lord Selborne saw in the measure "taxation without the consent of the persons to be taxed"—a principle from which he "strongly dissented." Against these dismal vaticinations may be placed the latest published figures bearing upon the spread of free libraries in Great Britain. In 1890 there were in the country 170 places possessing 408 libraries, which owned between them 3,056,658 volumes, and had an annual issue of 16,350,500. Mr. Ogle estimates that, at the present day, there are between six and seven hundred libraries established in 300 towns, parishes, and districts, and that they contain fully five million books, and have an annual issue of from twenty-five to thirty millions.

FICTION.

"In the Permanent Way, and Other Stories." By Flora Annie Steel. London: Heinemann.

MRS. STEEL, following a common practice, has named her new book of stories after a part of its contents. But she might have called it "In the Track of Another," when the title would have been truly descriptive of the whole. With a surprising pertinacity, Mrs. Steel still endeavours to compete with Mr. Kipling on his own peculiar ground—endeavours seriously, courageously, and with a certain complacent confidence that always brings her gently to a decent and creditable failure. With no uncertain gesture, Mrs. Steel herself indicates the standard by which she must be tried. For it is one thing to follow a pioneer upon the road he opens—none may be blamed for doing so; but it is another business when one artist deliberately selects another's motive for his own treatment. Every one has a perfect right to do so, of course; only, if the performance falls short, the conveyance comes to be judged as theft. Mrs. Steel, having duly absorbed "The Mark of the Beast" and the "Mowgli" stories, elects to write "The Blue-throated God," and the result is a series of variations, producing an effect of confusion, woven about another's theme. Mr. Kipling invented a good thing, and called it "Without Benefit of Clergy." Mrs. Steel reads it, and presently she writes "On the Second Story," which is a good-enough story but not a masterpiece. Mr. Kipling presents hard-handed England in India as none other has done, and Mrs. Steel, perceiving a curious mirage of the same objective, gives us such conventional anomalies as the soldier in "At the Great Durbar," and Craddock the engineer in "In the Permanent Way" and "The King's Well."

Mrs. Steel is the worse advised to venture conclusions with another, because she herself is peculiarly equipped for a peculiar achievement. She knows India, and she knows the native woman; and her stories of native women are excellent stories, free from the tiresome reproach of plagiarism. And of these the best are "Uma Himāvuttee" and "The Sorrowful Hour." Good as they are, these, like all the rest, lose something

of their proper effect for lack of direct and vigorous handling. Mrs. Steel is fond of using a superfluity of insignificant words, adding them one to another until they somehow distribute her meaning throughout a long drowsy sentence. This method produces an effect of haze about the subject; the picture is never seen instantly, bright and clear. In other words, Mrs. Steel, with all her ability and all her knowledge, still writes as writes the amateur.

"More Tramps Abroad." By Mark Twain. London: Chatto.

The veteran jester, attired "in cosmic guise," again makes his appearance before an admiring world, with his best bow, his whitest hand, and his wink. For Mark Twain has put a girdle round the earth, as he lets you to know in 486 pages—no less. But these are not all his; some—indeed, many—are borrowed from other historians. Whenever the ship draws near the port, and the lead is going on the harbour bar, does our author lug forth the historiographer, asking us to come and sit at his (or her) feet beside Mark Twain, and then we shall know what kind of country we are coming to, and all about it; which, as intelligent, high-toned persons, we naturally like to do. But we don't like it, all the same. If the publishers particularly requested their author to provide a book containing not less than 486 pages, they were acting unwisely; and if they did not, the author might have guessed that we know where to go for history when we want it; and that if we want Mark Twain, we like to get him. Why should we listen to Mrs. Krout on Honolulu, or Captain Wawn on the Kanaka, or Mrs. Praed on Queensland, or the Blue Book on Thuggee?

We care, just now, for none of these things. When we open a book with "Mark Twain" on the cover, we want to behold the Great American Spirit, tongue in cheek, strolling irresponsibly around the universe. And, between its wads of padding, "More Tramps Abroad" does afford us this spectacle. When he is content to be himself, Mark Twain, as we all know of old, is very good company. But, with years of practice, he has come to be so deft at the manufacture of jests, that he must always be at it; and nothing in the world is more apt to become tedious than long elaborate jokes with all the joints evidently manifest. Thus, the "Delicately Improper Tale" which was never finished, is quite unamusing, despite its ingenuity. And in the story of Cecil Rhodes and the Shark, the jester misses his tip, because the performance is altogether too ingenious for this world, and because it is too long for its size. But the story of the Mark Twain Club of Corrigan Castle is entertaining; so is the story of the Dog with the gentleman from Baroda and Mr. Augustin Daly's Irishman; and—to select at hazard one more instance from many—so is the description of the view from the mosque in Benares. Read these things once, read them swiftly, and you shall be diverted. And as to reading them more than once—well, why should you? Read, moreover, Chapter XVII. on the Tichborne Case; and especially peruse Chapters LXIX.—LXXI. on the South African business, which make one of the best pieces of smart, insolently irresponsible journalism ever written. For, although Mark Twain may specialise at will upon the artificial joke, his real pursuit in life is journalism. The great journalist—compact of a rare fusion of qualities—will write as much as you please upon any topic under the sun; and—whether you approve it or do not—the result will always be more or less interesting, and often exciting. And of such is Mark Twain.

"Gods and their Makers." By Laurence Housman. London: Lane.

Mr. Housman's idea is so obviously attractive that a reviewer, desiring to praise, can hardly do better than suggest it. At about the time, then, when parents and guardians, in Christian lands, are thinking of Confirmation, the children of Mr. Housman's primitive country are pressed by the priests to manufacture, every child for himself, a god. In due time, Peeti and Aystah, the hero and heroine, fulfil their duty in this respect, and build their gods—the boy with a certain savage joy, the girl limply and under priestly pressure—from gourd and rag. Peeti's selfish devotion to his

god brings him and his companion into grave trouble, and they are expelled the island by an angry priesthood. Peeti is well on the road to become a confirmed atheist, the gods, he discovers, are only personifications of the worse side in the characters of their makers and worshippers. The winds and the current drift the raft, that carries the forlorn couple, towards an island peopled with the most repellent creatures; and Peeti is at first scared by the realisation that they are gods, the collected gods of all the men and women who have died. But he soon discovers that these unlovely creatures are solely moved by the pitifully engrossing hunger for worship; for a sentence of worship they will serve him hand and foot. Trading, therefore, on their piteous weakness, Peeti, become tyrant, frames a strict constitution, and the gods come up for worship in sections, each god directly worshipped by him having the right to an hour's homage from his fellows afterwards. This, with what comes of Aystah's weakness in secretly treasuring her own limp and helpless god, is the main notion of "Gods and their Makers." And Mr. Housman's working out is only a little less attractive than his idea. He does not force meanings where they will not come, nor does the idea run away with him into unnecessary episodes. We should, however, have wished the story even more succinct, especially in the part before the island. Not that any of the book is wearisome; only such a piece of work would have gained if it had marched more strictly in the narrow, epic, way of a fairy-tale, tempted into no descriptive fulness on the right hand nor psychological on the left, but coldly marching from episode to episode. And certainly the verses that head the chapters are a mistake, a lapse in taste which an author cannot be expected to feel so keenly as a reader. If Mr. Housman had been able to discover, here and there for his chapters, some important line, some familiar line, which would, perhaps by some ironical perversion of meaning, apply happily to his subject, he might have scored a point every time; but the long and incomprehensible extracts from his own poems only serve to inflate where succinctness is a virtue.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE second volume of Sir M. E. Grant Duff's "Notes from a Diary" is among Mr. Murray's earliest productions. It is a continuation and completion of the diaries from 1851 to 1872, which appeared last year, and is a mine of reminiscences and anecdotes about such celebrities as Tourgueneff, Taine, Disraeli, Gladstone, Jowett, Thackeray, Cobden, Kingsley, Newman, Gambetta, and others. Mr. Murray has also ready Mrs. Rowan's "Flower-hunter in Queensland."

The latest addition to Yukon literature is Mr. Mullett Ellis's "Tales from Klondyke," into which the author has introduced some thrilling stories of adventure and crime. Messrs. Bliss, Sands are publishing it, together with A. B. Louis's story of French life in the seventeenth century, "A Branch of Laurel."

A work of singular interest is to be issued by Messrs. Constable in "Two Native Narratives of the Mutiny in Delhi," which has been translated from the originals by the late C. T. Metcalfe. The first is a diary kept throughout the siege by Munshi Jeewan Lall, who was an official in the employ of the Governor-General's agent at Delhi. The second is by an educated native noble, who aided the rebels and eventually escaped, with a price upon his head. Nawab Mainodin Hassan Khan, after some years of exile, gave himself up, stood his trial, and was pardoned through the influence of Sir T. Metcalfe, whose life he had saved during the siege.

An arduous task has been undertaken by Mr. R. Proctor in his "Index to the Early Printed Books in the British Museum," a work which will occupy nearly a thousand pages. It will form a complete list of fifteenth-century publications, with date, publisher, size, number of copies in the principal libraries, and place in Museum catalogue. Four chief divisions will be made for those works printed in Germany, those in Italy, those in England, France, and the Netherlands, and for the tables. Messrs. Kegan Paul are under con-

tract to produce only three hundred and fifty copies, and not to reprint the book. The price is to be three pounds.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton has chosen the title of "American Wives and English Husbands" for her new novel, which will arouse considerable expectation as the successor of "Patience Sparhawk." Messrs. Service & Paton are publishing it, together with Bishop Phillips Brooks' posthumous volume, "The Best Methods of Promoting the Spiritual Life."

Madame Ronner and Mr. Louis Wain will have to look to their laurels when Mr. Dent produces the volume of feline studies by Mrs. W. Chance. The drawings in "A Book of Cats" are realistic in treatment, and have none of the stuffed prettiness which mars so many portraits of Grimalkin. The originals having been worked in pencil, the reproduction has been a task of some difficulty.

Messrs. Thacker have secured some important copyrights from Messrs. Neville Beeman, who are retiring from business. Among these are "The Naval Pocket Book" and "Captain of the Mary Rose," by W. Laird Clowes, and five novels by the author of "The Rose of Dutchers Coolly," including that work.

Next week has been fixed by Messrs. Methuen for the publication of Mr. Anthony Hope's new romance, "Simon Dale."

Mr. Stephen Phillips is to write a poetic drama for Mr. George Alexander. It may not be generally known that the new poet is a cousin of Mr. Frank Benson, the actor, and was himself a member of the touring company.

Messrs. Rivington have in preparation Mr. T. F. Tout's "The Empire and the Papacy, A.D. 918-1273," in their "Periods of European History" series. The same series will be shortly supplemented by another volume on "Modern Europe, from A.D. 1815," which has been entrusted to Dr. Prothero, of Edinburgh.

The memoir of the late Duchess of Teck, which Mr. Murray is to issue, is being compiled by Mr. Kinloch Cooke, from the Princess's private diaries and letters.

Messrs. Putnams' have concluded an arrangement with Professor Moses Coit Tyler, for a series of four volumes dealing with "A Century of American Statesmen: a Biographical Survey of American Politics from the Inauguration of Jefferson to the close of the Nineteenth Century."

The joint translation by Mr. William Archer and Miss Diana White of Dr. Brandes' Shakespaerean studies is to be published, in two volumes, during the coming season.

Mr. Michael Davitt's travel volume on Australasia has been secured by Messrs. Methuen. It is not essentially political, although the burning questions of the day receive sufficient attention. It is to be issued in the early spring.

Mr. Grant Richards is not satisfied to merely publish other people's work; he is entering the literary field himself. His first effort will be in collaboration with a well-known author.

The eminent Swedish explorer, Dr. Sren Hedin, who recently described, before the Royal Geographical Society, his travels in Central Asia during the last three years, is utilising the material in a volume, which will be placed with Messrs. Methuen.

The Unicorn Press is about to commence a new series devoted to musical subjects, the initial volume of which has been entrusted to Mr. Vernon Blackburn, the musical critic of the "Pall Mall Gazette." "The Fringe of an Art" is the modest title chosen by the author.

It is rumoured that Lord Rosebery is engaged upon an historical work, the nature and title of which have not yet been divulged.

Mr. Henry George's posthumous work, "The Science of Political Economy," has already appeared in New York. The author devoted six years to its composition.

(For This Week's Books see page 156.)

The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. He must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

NOTICE.—The price of back numbers of the SATURDAY REVIEW, except those of the current Volume, is ONE SHILLING each.

The SATURDAY REVIEW is published every Saturday morning, but a Foreign Edition is issued in time for the Indian and Colonial mails every Friday afternoon. Advertisements for this First Edition cannot be received later than Thursday night, but for the regular issue they can be taken up to 4 p.m. on Fridays. ADVERTISEMENTS should be sent to the PUBLISHING OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND. A printed Scale of Charges may be obtained on application.

FRANCE.

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 Balfour, Ernest R. Nelson.
 Battalion Drill made Easy (L. Davidson). Gale & Polden. 2s. 6d.
 Blackwood's Magazine (February).
 British Coinage, The Story of the (G. B. Rawlings). Newnes. 1s.
 British Columbia, The Year-book of, 1897. Gosnell.
 By Severn Sea (F. Herbert Warren). Murray. 7s. 6d.
 Canada, The History of (William Kingsford). Kegan Paul. 15s.
 Canada Public Accounts, 1897. S. E. Dawson. 2s. 6d.
 Cartons, The (Lord Lytton). Service & Paton. 2s. 6d.
 Citizen of India (W. Lee-Walker). Macmillan.
 Cockney Columbus, The (D. C. Murray). Downey. 6s.
 Constitutional Year-book, The, 1898. Blackwood. 1s.
 Current Literature (January).
 Education, The History of (Rev. Alex. Wright). Menzies. 4s.
 English Catalogue of Books for 1897, The. Sampson Low.
 Every Man's Own Lawyer (A. Barrister). Lockwood. 6s. 8d.
 Expositor's Bible, The (G. A. Smith). Hoddler & Stoughton. 7s. 6d.
 Faust, The Tragedy of (Thos. E. Webb). Longmans. 6s.
 Gladstone's Life, The Story of (Justin McCarthy). Black. 7s. 6d.
 Girl-Beant, A (I. K. Campbell). Digby, Long. 7s. 6d.
 Glass Blowing and Working (Thomas Bolas). Dawbarn & Ward. 2s.
 God's Foundling (A. J. Dawson). Heinemann. 6s.
 Greystoke, Philip (Evan May). Digby, Long. 6s.
 Harper's Monthly Magazine (February).
 Humanitarian, The (February).
 In the Olden Times (Rev. K. Hewat). Gardner.
 Jesuit Missionaries in New France (K. G. Thwaites) (3 Vols.). Stock.
 Jewish Quarterly Review (January).
 La Città Morta (Gabriele d'Annunzio). Treves.
 La Riforma dell'Educazione (Angelo Mosso). Fratelli Treves.
 Longman's Magazine (February).
 L'Utopia Collettivista (Saverio Merlino). Fratelli Treves.
 Man with a Maid, A (Mrs. H. E. Dudeney). Heinemann. 2s. 6d.
 Minister of Education, 1897, Report of the (Ontario). Warwick Bros.
 New Zealand, Contributions to the Early History of. Sampson Low.
 Nibelunga, The Lay of the (Edward Hell). Bell. 3s.
 Pansies from French Gardens (Henry Atwell). Allen. 2s.
 Parliamentary Companion, 1898.
 Place, Francis, The Life of (Graham Wallis). Longmans. 12s. 6d.
 Religion and Conscience in Ancient Egypt (W. M. F. Petrie). Methuen. 2s. 6d.
 Rome in the Middle Ages, History of (2 Parts) (F. Gregorovius). Bell.
 Ruskin, John, The Bible References of (M. and E. Gibbs). Allen. 5s.
 Short Stories (January).
 Somerset Medieval Libraries (T. W. Williams). J. W. Arrowsmith. 6s. 6d.
 Spanish John (William McLennan). Harper Bros. 6s.
 Spectator, The (Vol. IV). Dent. 3s.
 State and Charity, The (Thos. Mackay). Macmillan. 2s. 6d.
 Tales in Prose and Verse (David Christie Murray). Chatto & Windus.
 Terje Vikin (Grave and Gay). Lishman.
 Through a Glass Lightly (I. T. Greg). Dent. 3s. 6d.
 To-morrow (January).
 Traits and Confidences (Hon. Emily Lawless). Methuen. 6s.
 Treatment, The Year-book of, 1898. Cassell. 7s. 6d.
 "Tween the New and the Old" (G. Wemyss). Macqueen. 6s.
 Two Duchesses, The (Mrs. Foster). Blackie.
 Whist of the Future (Lieut. Colonel H. Lowley). Briggs.
 William Hogarth (Austin Dobson). Kegan Paul.
 Wisdom, The Children of (Rev. John de Soyres). Briggs.
 Year from a Correspondent's Note-book, A (R. H. Davis). Harper Bros. 6s.
 Young, Arthur, The Autobiography of (M. B. Edwards). Smith, Elder. 12s. 6d.
 Zia (Marcus Reay). Digby, Long. 3s. 6d.
 Zoology, A Text-book of (Parker and Haswell) (Vols. I., II.). Macmillan. 36s. each

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The suit of the Union Trust Company, mentioned in the advertisement of August 3rd, 1897, is still pending.

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The Debenture Stock will be redeemable at the option of the Company at any time after 1 January, 1905, at £105 per cent. on six months' previous notice, and on any distribution of assets under a reconstruction or an amalgamation of the Company's undertaking with that of any other Company, the Debenture Stock will be repayable at 105 per cent.

The interest thereon will be paid on 1 January, and 1 July in each year. The first payment will be made on 1 July, 1898, and calculated from the date of payment of the instalments.

The Preference Shares are entitled to a cumulative preferential dividend at the rate of 5½ per cent. per annum, and will rank both for capital and dividend in priority to the Ordinary Shares.

The dividends thereon will be payable on 1 January and 1 July in each year. The first payment will be due on 1 July, 1898, and calculated from the date of payment of the instalments.

PAYMENTS.

PREFERENCE SHARES.	DEBENTURE STOCK.
On APPLICATION, 10s. per Share.	On APPLICATION, 10 per cent.
On ALLOTMENT, £2 per Share.	On ALLOTMENT, 40 per cent.
On 31 MARCH, 1898, £2 10s. per Share.	On 31 MARCH, 1898, 50 per cent.

TRUSTEES FOR DEBENTURE HOLDERS.

The Right Hon. the Lord STANMORE, G.C.M.G., the Red House, Ascot.
EDWIN SAVORY HOULDER, Ingersoll Abbey, Greenhithe.

DIRECTORS.

EDWIN SAVORY HOULDER.
EBENEZER CAYFORD.
CHARLES FRANCIS HARRIDGE.
ALFRED HENRY HOULDER.
AUGUSTUS FREDERICK HOULDER.
FRANK HENRY HOULDER.
THOMAS PAUL WALLACE FORRESTER.

Partners in the
Firm of Houlder
Brothers and Co.

BANKERS—THE NATIONAL BANK (Limited), 13 Old Broad Street, E.C.
SOLICITORS—ASHURST, MORRIS, CRISP & Co., 17 Throgmorton Avenue, E.C.
BROKERS—JOHN PRUST & Co., 37 Throgmorton Street, E.C.
AUDITORS—GANE, JACKSON, JEFFERYS & WELLS, 65 Coleman Street, E.C.
SECRETARY AND REGISTERED OFFICE—
W. A. STARLING, 145 LEADENHALL STREET, E.C.

PROSPECTUS.

THIS Company has been formed to acquire the old-established business of merchants, freight contractors, ship owners, ship insurance and passenger brokers, ships' husbands and managers, &c., hitherto carried on by the vendors, Messrs. Houlder Brothers & Co., at London, Liverpool, Glasgow, Buenos Ayres, La Plata, and Rosario.

The vendors are contractors with her Majesty's Government, the War Office and the Admiralty, and the Government of the Cape of Good Hope, and are shipping agents for the Government of New South Wales; loading brokers in the Australian, South and East African, and River Plate trades from London, Liverpool, Newport, Antwerp, &c., besides which they carried on a general brokerage, chartering, insurance, forwarding and commission business, and are chartering agents in the River Plate and Australian and Californian markets.

Since the foundation of the business of Houlder Brothers & Co., in 1853, by the present senior partner and his brother, it has grown continuously, and has been largely developed and increased under the active management of the present partners.

This expansion of the business and certain family settlements render the present a favourable opportunity for converting the concern into a Limited Liability Company.

The business will be taken over by the Company as a going concern from 31 December, 1897, as from which date the profits will belong to the Company.

The assets belonging to the vendors on 31 December, 1896, as shown by the books, comprised the following:

Shares and interest in steamships and steamship companies, in virtue of which the vessels are managed by the vendors (at prices based upon an actual valuation of the steamers made in 1897 by Messrs. W. Espley, Son, & Swainston), all the steamers concerned being in good condition and earning good dividends	£51,492 18 9
the values of which are maintained by a depreciation fund in each of the steamships and steamship companies	
General investments in connexion with the business, leases of offices, furniture, fixtures, &c., floating policies, stocks in hand, lighters, dividends accrued due but not paid, &c.	15,093 8 5
Book debts guaranteed by the vendors (after deducting liabilities taken over by the Company)	15,345 2 6
Shares in the Pacific Islands Company (Limited), guaranteed by the vendors at	25,000 0 0
Cash balances and bills receivable	0 119 3 3
	£25,980 12 11
The goodwill of the business (including exceptionally valuable contracts)	100,000 0 0
	£25,980 12 11

The business having been carried on by the vendors on their own account during the year 1897, they will be entitled to payment of any accretions to capital during the year.

The security for the Debenture stock will consist of the following:—

Assets as above, subject to subsequent trading	125,980 12 11
Accretions to capital during 1897, and balance of further working capital provided by this issue—together	100,000 0 0
	£225,980 12 11

The Debenture Stock will be secured by a trust deed containing a floating charge upon all the assets of the Company, present and future, which, as shown above, exceed the combined amount of the debenture stock and preference shares.

The books of the vendors have been examined by Messrs. Gane, Jackson, Jefferys and Wells, Chartered Accountants, who have given the following certificate:

65 Coleman Street, London, E.C., 24 January, 1898.

TO THE DIRECTORS OF HOULDER BROTHERS & Co. (Limited).

GENTLEMEN,—We have examined the books of Messrs. Houlder Brothers & Co., and the certified accounts of the Buenos Ayres business, and find that the profits of the four years ended 31 December, 1896, after allowing for depreciation of steamers, but excluding interest on capital and loans, were as under:

For the year ended 31 December, 1893	£22,055 13 3
For the year ended 31 December, 1894	26,734 19 6
For the year ended 31 December, 1895	20,347 17 7
For the year ended 31 December, 1896	31,618 7 0
	£100,754 17 4

Being an average per annum of £25,039 4 4

We are, Gentlemen, yours faithfully,

GANE, JACKSON, JEFFERYS & WELLS.

The accounts for 1897 cannot in ordinary course be made up until the beginning of April next, but the Vendors are able to say, from their knowledge of the transactions of the year, that the profits for 1897 will exceed those of 1896.

The business will be continued upon the same lines and under the same management as have brought it to its present important position. All the Directors are practical men, hitherto engaged in the management of the business and conversant with all its details. They have agreed to give (as managing directors) their personal services to the business as heretofore for a period of seven years.

Leaving out of account the fact that the profits of the year 1896 were £31,618, and that, as before stated, the profits for 1897 are expected to exceed that amount, and taking only the average profit of the four years, viz., £25,039 4s. 4d., as a basis of future profit, the following would be the result:—

Profit	£25,039 0 0
The Debenture interest, would require	£5,000 0 0
The Preference Shares	500 0 0
	£11,125 0 0

Leaving a surplus of £13,914 0 0

for Directors' remuneration, for reserve, and for dividend upon the Ordinary Shares, irrespective of the additional profits which the extra working capital will necessarily produce.

It is provided by the Articles of Association that, after payment of the interest on the Debentures and the dividend on the Preference Shares, 20 per cent. of the annual net profits shall be placed to a special reserve fund until the sum of £50,000 has been accumulated, after which only such sum shall be annually placed to the special reserve fund as may be necessary to maintain that fund in the books of the Company at £50,000. This reserve fund will be available for payment of the interest on the Debentures and the dividends upon the Preference Shares.

The purchase price of the assets and business acquired by the Company has been fixed by the vendors at £25,000, payable as to £100,000 (£100,000 of the good-will) in Ordinary Shares, as to £33,300 in Preference Shares, and as to the balance in cash. The book debts taken over by the Company are guaranteed by the Vendors to produce the amounts at which they stand in the books.

Two contracts have been entered into, both dated 27 January, 1898, and made between Edwin Savory Houlder, Ebenezer Cayford, Charles Francis Hartridge, Alfred Henry Houlder, Augustus Frederick Houlder, Frank Henry Houlder, and Thomas Paul Wallace Forrester, of the one part, and Houlder Brothers & Co. (Limited), of the other part, one of such agreements being the contract of purchase, and the other the agreement appointing Managing Directors.

The Vendors will pay all expenses connected with the formation of the Company up to date of allotment, except the registration fees and stamp duties.

The holders of Preference Shares will be entitled to attend and vote at General Meetings, in accordance with the Articles of Association, on any question directly affecting any of the rights or privileges attached to their shares.

The contract for purchase, the valuation of Messrs. Espley, Son, and Swainston, the certificate of Messrs. Gane, Jackson, Jefferys and Wells, copies of the Memorandum and Articles of Association, and draft of the Trust Deed, can be seen at the Office of the Company's solicitors.

There are numerous contracts of the ordinary kind for the working of the business which cannot be specified in the Prospectus, also contracts for guaranteeing the capital now offered for subscription. All applicants for shares will be deemed to have waived any rights to further particulars of such contracts, whether under Section 38 of the Companies Act, 1867, or otherwise.

It is intended to apply for Stock Exchange quotations for the Debenture Stock and Preference Shares.

Applications for Debenture Stock and Preference Shares should be made on the Forms below, or those accompanying the Prospectus, and forwarded to the National Bank (Limited), 13 Old Broad Street, or any of its Branches, with a remittance for the amount of the deposit.

If no allotment is made, the deposit will be returned without deduction, and where the amount of Debenture Stock or the number of the shares allotted is less than that applied for the surplus will be credited in reduction of the amount payable on allotment, and any excess returned to the applicant. Failure to pay any instalment when due will render previous payments liable to forfeiture.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application can be obtained at the Offices of the Company, and from the Bankers, Solicitors, and Brokers.

27 January, 1898.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

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